VOGUE®

75¢
JUNE

WHAT TO WEAR WHEN BEAUTY IS THE ISSUE...

NEW CLOTHES...
NEW IDEAS FOR HAIR...
NEW MAKEUP...
60 GREAT LOOKS

EATING FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY: THE MEDICAL FACTS... THE MYTHS TO IGNORE

THE COUNTESS AND HER HAIRPIECES: KNOW-HOW FROM A WOMAN WHO KNOWS

MEN...HOW LONG SHOULD THEY WEAR THEIR HAIR...HOW MUCH SHOULD THEY DO ABOUT THEIR LOOKS

O barefoot girl
with chic of tan...
(or is it a Clairol*
Summer Soft-Blush* Duo?)

Brush on a pretend-tan,
or sunny up a real one.
Sunblush a pale face,
tone down a rosy place.
In special shades just
for barefoot brunettes,
barefoot blondes
and barefoot redheads.

Summer Soft-Blush* Duo
by Clairol Cosmetics



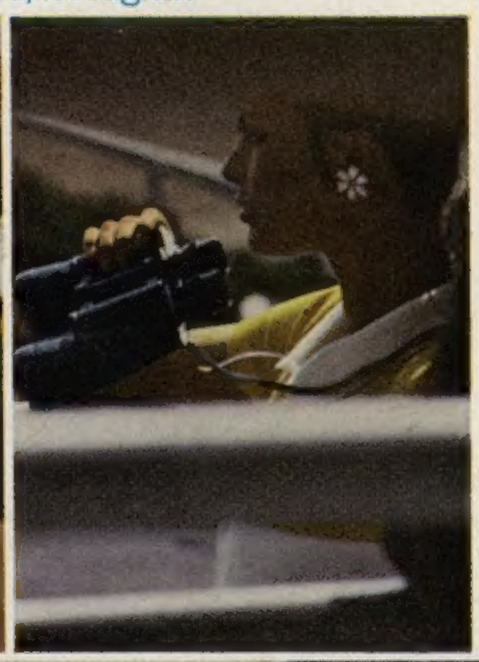
Soft-Blush Duo $2.50
Brush separate $1.50

© CLAIROL INC. 1967 *CLAIROL SOFT-BLUSH COMPLEXION COLORING DUO IS A TRADEMARK OF CLAIROL INC.

Kimberly

The airy, summer wool knit. About $70.
Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field & Co., Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin







PHOTOGRAPHED AT AQUEDUCT RACETRACK.

LESLIE FAY



Dashing Stripes Set The Pace ... in a shift like this. Streamlined of 100% double knit wool with soft shirt sleeves. Bright or muted colors—purple/ brown/white or cinnamon/grey/white, sizes 8 to 16, about $36. For the store nearest you, write to Leslie Fay, 1400 B'way, N.Y. 10018.

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JUNE, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: What you see here is one slick coat—raincoat, suncoat, day-or-night coat. Short, trenchy, in lacquery crocodile green. . . . You're also looking at some of the grooviest new makeup ever: a clear liquid blusher called Pat-A-Blush that gives a beautiful all-over all-day glow, under makeup or on its own . . . and Lipshine, an ingenious lipstick that's half colour, half gloss, split down the middle—this shade's Taupelight. All part of Lightworks by Helena Rubinstein. Coat by Michèle Rosier for V. de V., in aluminum-coated tricot of Du Pont nylon (Cohama fabric). About $200. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings by Evelyne Desbruères. Carita coiffure.

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Your Cadillac dealer has the answer.





Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels

The great new freedom movement
in makeup happening now!

NEW 'DEMI-MAKEUP' BY REVLON

the first totally translucent finish-for-the-face
...for today's soft, soft, softest look

Demi is the today-fashion in facewear. It's the makeup that is and isn't. A silky slip-on of color-in-creme... gives your face a sheer, supple, flexy, flawless finish that looks and feels (and moves)... like spontaneous skin. It's a whole new demi-world of translucency — light-reflecting, layerless coverage that lets the 'skinness' of you show through. It even feels translucent. With so much moisture in its makeup, it slips on with a new sort of sleek, skimmy ease. You can work with it, play with it, blend it almost endlessly. (You simply can't wind up with a masky, smothered-up, covered-up, 'makeup-y' look.)



If all you restless beauties hadn't asked for the absolute moon, we might never have invented this face-age phenomenon. (But now Demi-Makeup is here. Aren't you glad that you thought of it?)

The 'Moon Drops' Demi-Makeup Collection

Translucent Flowing-Creme Makeup • Pressed Powder • Loose Facepowder • Blushing Powder


Evyan
The Baron
for the Man of distinction—
The Baron
Cologne
for Gentlemen
by Evyan
No matter who you are—no matter where you go
let the Baron accompany you...
A man's Cologne and After Shaving ★ A man's Personal Care Deodorant and Powder
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Two's company

in the Beach Scene, where
this great tent shift keeps company
with its own brimmy sun hat—
the ensemble, ours alone, from
Jasper House in black-and-white
cotton. Shift, 30.00 Hat, 5.00
On the Sports Floor, Fifth
Lord & Taylor—and all
of our suburban stores

Robert Randall

"La Nuova"
#5522

THE NEWS IS THREE ON A MATCH:
A DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER JACKET, SHELL
AND PIN-STRIPED PANTS, ABOUT $125.00.
SPARE PIN-STRIPED SKIRT TO MATCH, ABOUT $25.00.
KNIT IN ITALY OF SUPER-FINE WOOL AND
ARRIVING NOW AT AMERICA'S FASHION STORES.
OR WRITE 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Francesca for DAMON
THE HOUSE THAT MADE KNITS COUTURIERE



ESTÉE LAUDER
INVENTS
A NEW
SUMMER CLIMATE *where suntans are always tender*



Her basic thinking on suntans is "Yes, have one." But a tender one that goes on in easy, painless stages. A tan that gives just enough gilding with no scorch or flake-off. And once you've arrived at a tender tan, you can keep it that way with constant after-sun care.

Get a tender tan with Sun Souci Bronzing Foam—the greaseless white aerosol foam that absorbs instantly to help give you a golden complexion.

Keep a tan with Après Sun—the revolutionary moisturizing lotion that works to keep your skin silken-smooth and supple.

Estée Lauder

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Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

As classic as the great Arch of Constantine. Elegant as this Eleanora Garnett gown modeled by actress Mary Arden. This is the liquid gold of Galliano. The liqueur legend says is "distilled from the rays of the sun". Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Tonight's the best time to try it.



80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK & R, 1967



ESTÉE LAUDER
INVENTS
A NEW
SUMMER CLIMATE

where fingernails go sunny in Natural Coral



She thinks a tenderly tanned hand calls for its own special shade of nail enamel. A pale shade that's soft and glowy. A color like Natural Coral—warmed with a sun-browned rosiness that looks fresh from the sea. Natural Coral, like all 43 of Estée Lauder's spine-tingling colors, is made from a super-rich formula that's as good for your nails as a rich cream is for your face.

Estée Lauder

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All sun glasses are alike



You'll know the difference instantly. Eyes feel refreshed, stay comfortable all day long. The world is clear, cool, sharp. Vision is protected from harmful invisible rays, too. Ray-Ban lenses — developed for the Air Force — are scientifically correct filters made to professional optical standards. Ray-Ban frames are fashion favorites. From $8.95 at better stores and optical offices. (Also available in prescription.)

Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, New York 14602

BAUSCH & LOMB



ESTÉE LAUDER
INVENTS
A NEW

SUMMER CLIMATE *where legs come out in sun colored make-up*



Where does the fashionable leg go now that it's summer? Right into the newest shade of Estée Lauder's Waterproof Leg Make-up. Gold (on the left) is a sunny gilded shimmer, and Tropic (on the right) is a deep sun-glow. Not shown are neutral noon-day Beige and off-white Alabaster. Wear them under stockings for an all together smooth look—or wear them out on their own. Each shade is absolutely waterproof, covers completely, gives legs a silky flawless finish that *stays* flawless come rain, shine, or a dunk in the pool!

Estée Lauder.

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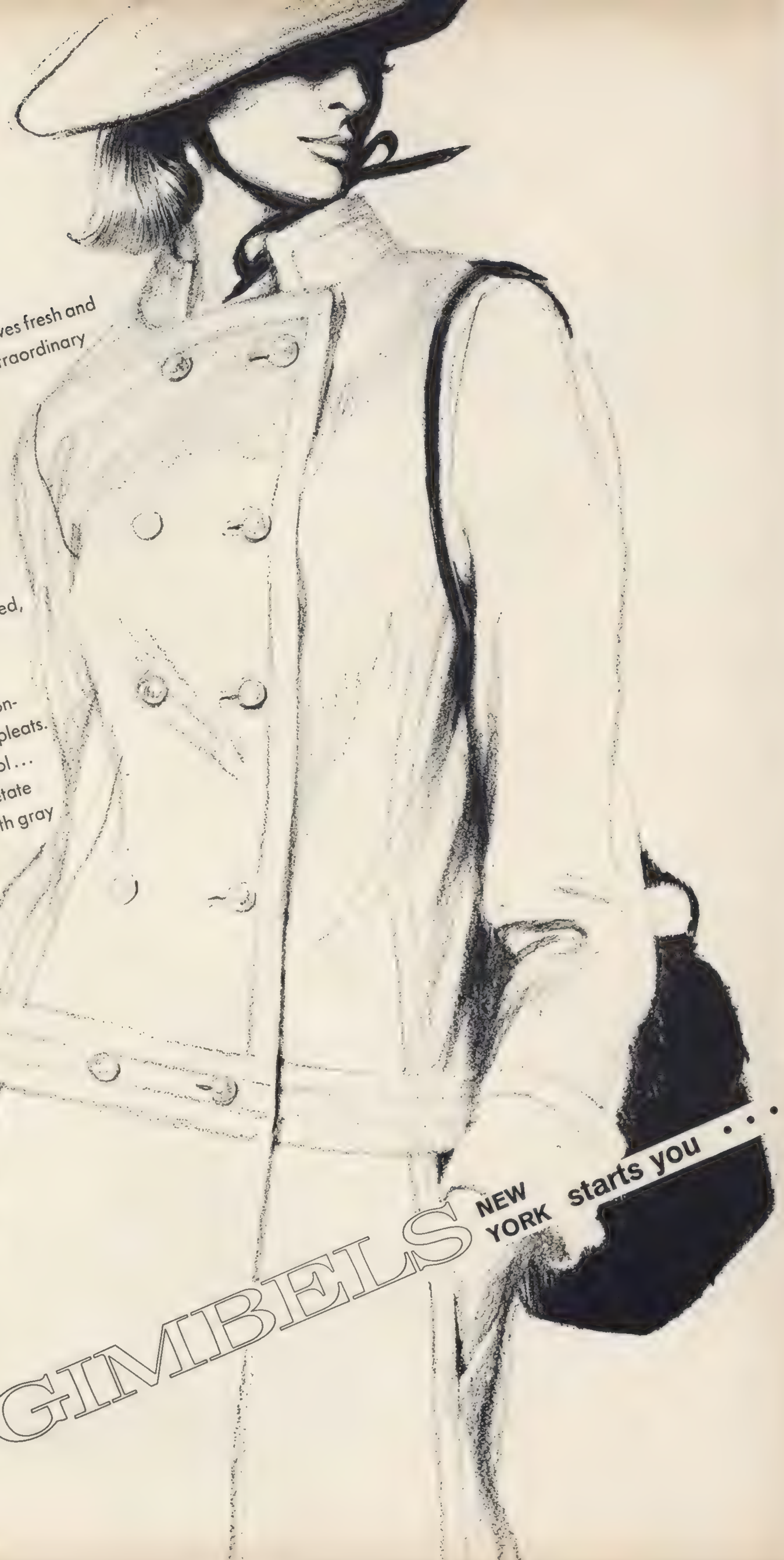

Peachpetal
Breath of Peach
Oyster White
Almond Beige
Alabaster Pink
Breath of Ivory
Breath of Beige
Breath of Pink
Bare Blush
Breath of Tan

Single-handedly, Revlon puts pales in a whole new light.
Waiting on you now, hand and foot:



The 'Powder-Pale' Nail by Revlon

These luscious, lady-fingered skin-tones are the in-tones now. Ten 'complexion-colored' nailshades that change the face of fingertips from this moment on. Face-powdery pinks. Mere breaths of beige. Fresh peaches and creams. A soft oyster-white. (And a milky-skinned mauve!) Suddenly, in one frail swoop, anything brighter looks heavy-handed, over-dressed—(and somehow on the showy side.) 'The Powder-Pale Nail' is the Big Message now—de-livered by hand—straight from the Revlon creamery!

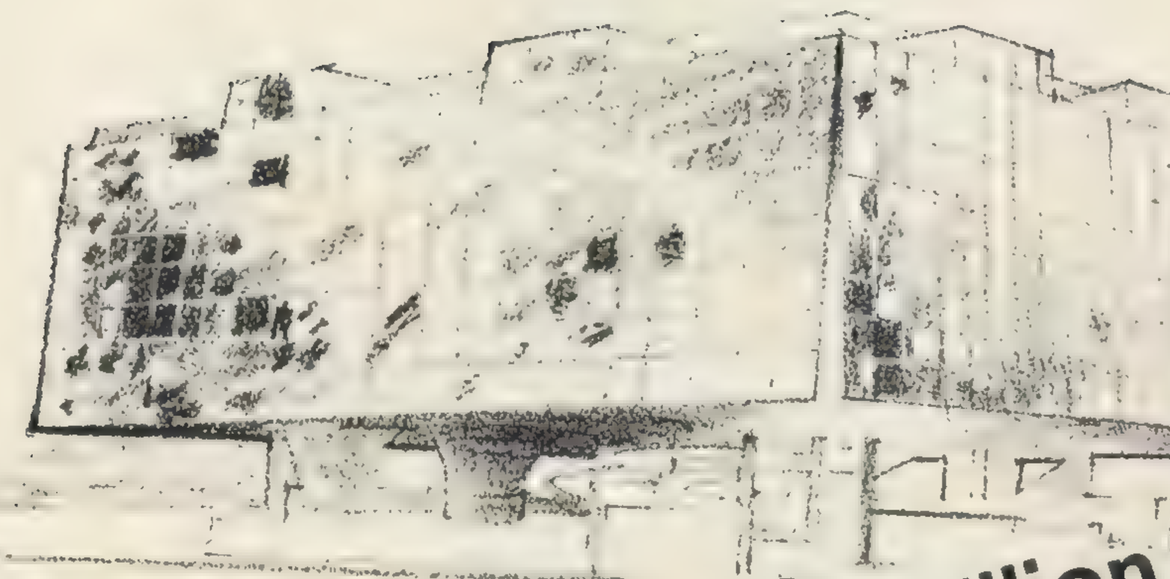


Fashion travels in lightweight wool knits, arrives fresh and ready to go. Gimbels picks these for their extraordinary dash, true American versatility.

this page:
Traveling together with great élan, a Butte Knit costume of double knit wool. The coat: brass-buttoned on the double, set in with lowered belting. The shift: tiny collared and sleeved, seamed to mirror the coat. Firefly red, honey, black. 8 to 16. $60

opposite:
Stripes go round and shimmy-on-down over the kickiest skirt of pleats. Softest, finest double knit wool . . . with skirt attached to an acetate crepe bodice. Charcoal with gray and white. 8 to 16.
A Francis Prisco
for Ted Brown. $55

a visit to GIMBELS **NEW YORK starts you . . .**



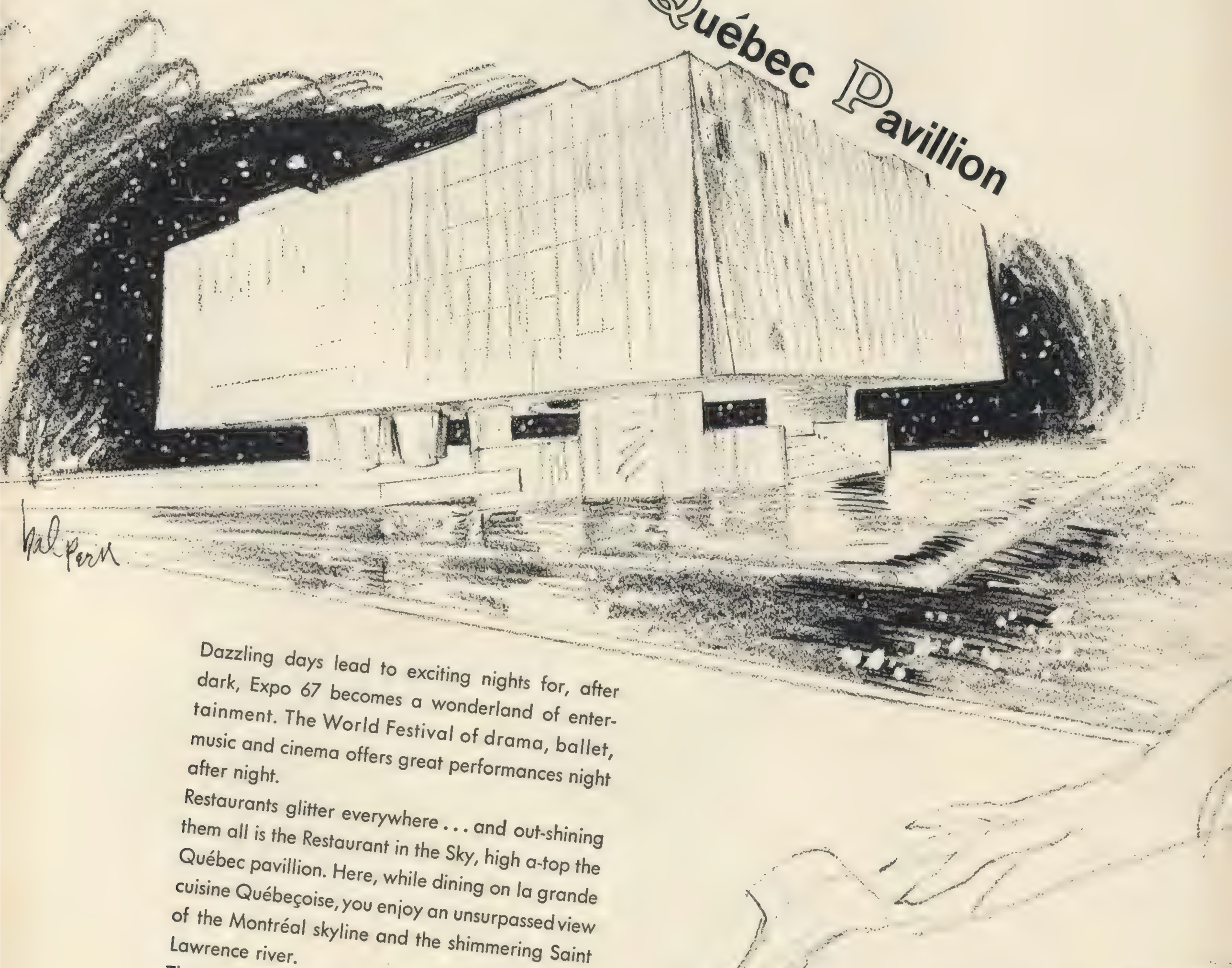
a visit to expo67 starts at the Québec Pavillion



Canada is your host and Québec your gracious hostess . . . so come to "Le Pavillon du Québec" and be welcomed à la canadienne-française! Here, caught in a glittering glass pavillion is the exciting world of "la belle province" . . . where a magical ride in a circular elevator transports you through the history of Québec. Voilà! Your best introduction to Canada . . . and to this largest international exposition ever! 70 participating countries, even more spectacular pavillions. Pageants, parades, outdoor performances, an "International Carrefour" of restaurants and tempting shops. A festival of entertainment unparalleled in the world . . . all happening now through October 27th. Come and be dazzled!

beautifully on your way

a visit to expo67 starts at the Québec Pavillion

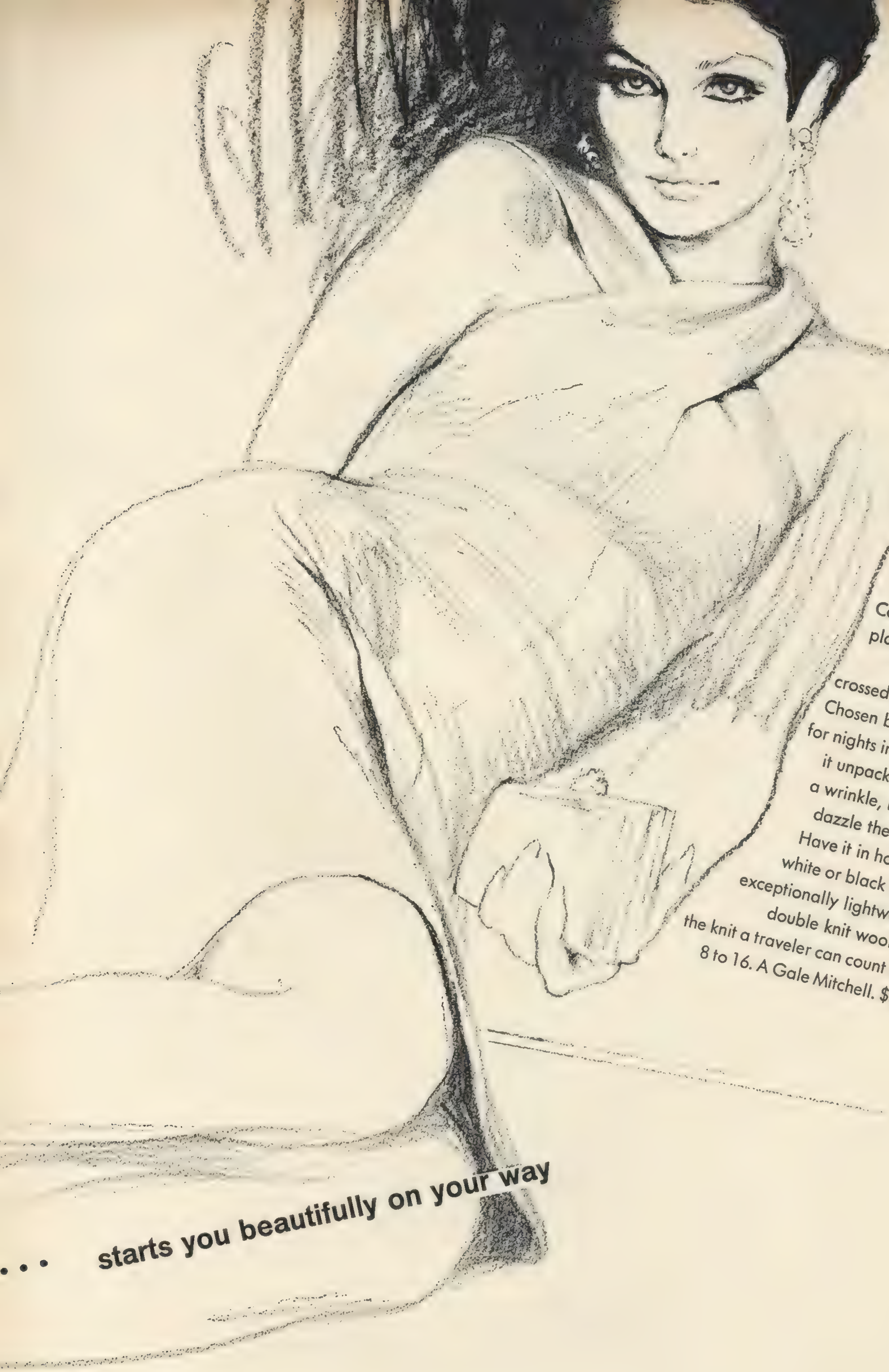


Dazzling days lead to exciting nights for, after dark, Expo 67 becomes a wonderland of entertainment. The World Festival of drama, ballet, music and cinema offers great performances night after night.

Restaurants glitter everywhere . . . and out-shining them all is the Restaurant in the Sky, high a-top the Québec pavillion. Here, while dining on la grande cuisine Québeçoise, you enjoy an unsurpassed view of the Montréal skyline and the shimmering Saint Lawrence river.

There's gourmet dining everywhere, in Montréal and far out into the countryside . . . charming inns and chalets waiting for you to discover throughout the beautiful province of Québec. Come live it up!

a visit to GIMBELS NEW YORK

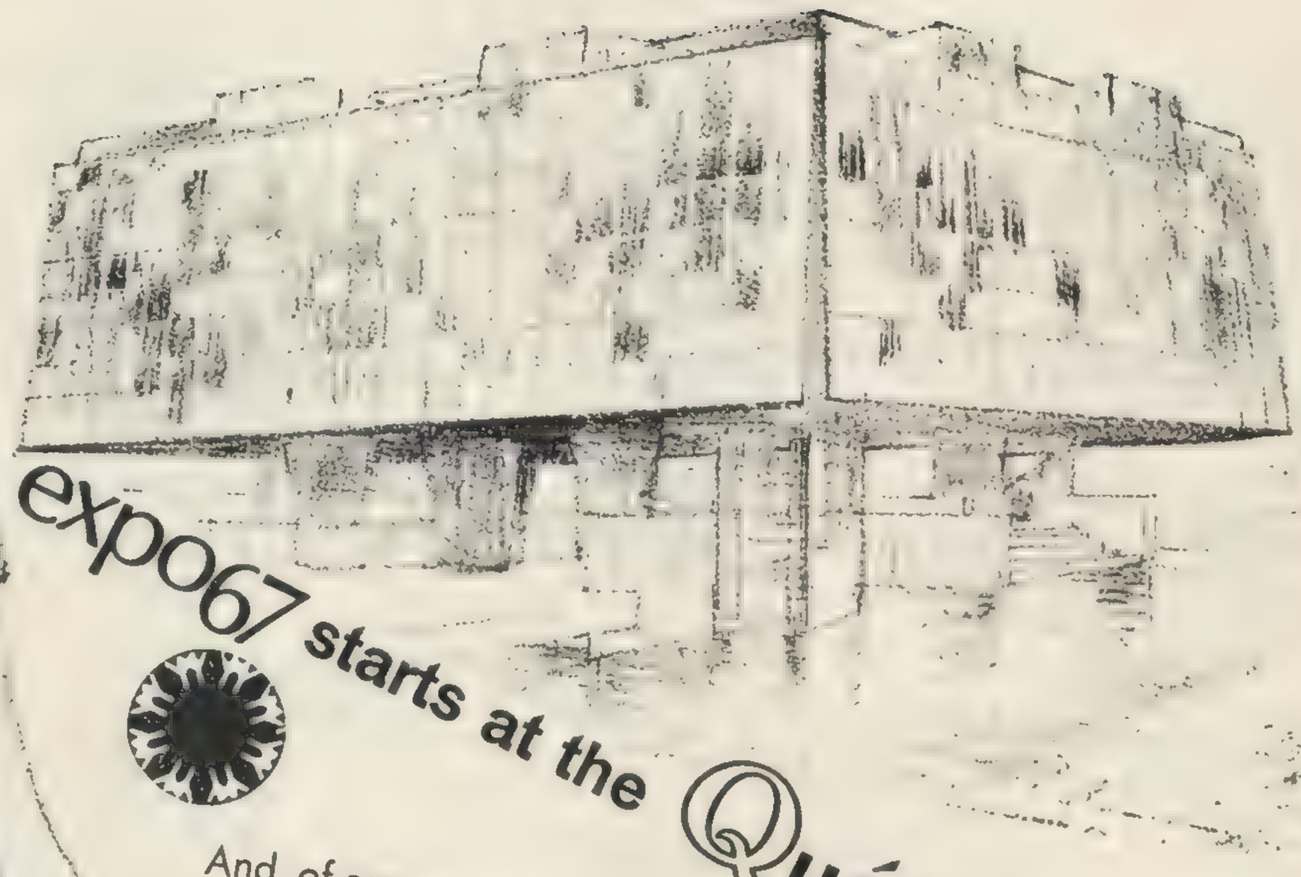


Comes evening,
play it cool in a
tan-baring,
crossed-halter knit.
Chosen by Gimbels
for nights in Québec,
it unpacks without
a wrinkle, ready to
dazzle the world!
Have it in hot pink,
white or black in this
exceptionally lightweight
double knit wool . . .
the knit a traveler can count on!
8 to 16. A Gale Mitchell. $35

. . . starts you beautifully on your way



a visit to



expo67 starts at the Québec Pavillion

And, of course, no visit is complete until you've seen all Québec! Truly "la belle province" where near-by places have far-away names . . . where you turn a corner and suddenly seem to have crossed the ocean. Take a horse-drawn calêche in Québec City down an old cobblestone lane. Stop at a chateau high in the Laurentians and dine on la cuisine française. You'll have to make yourself remember you're still in North America! From the seashore of the Gaspé to the fabulous mountain resorts, from the northern fishing lakes to the Saguenay . . . come see Québec, and fall in love!

a visit to GIMBELS NEW YORK



. . starts you beautifully on your way

Off to see the world and for the world to see! Brand-new shapings of lightweight wool knit that Gimbels books for your travel plan.

this page:
Smashy stripes and an oversized scarf in the subtlest color combo: violet with cognac, a glorious mix that makes much of this A-line tenting. 8 to 16. A Barberni knit. $45

opposite:
The knit with everything! Marvellously plaided lightweight wool with the ease that only a true tent can give. Funneled high, fastened aside, brassy hook-up hardware everywhere! Caramel plaid. 8 to 16. A Morton Myles for Jeunesse. $60

IF YOU HAVE TO POWDER YOUR NOSE A LOT, TRY CORN SILK

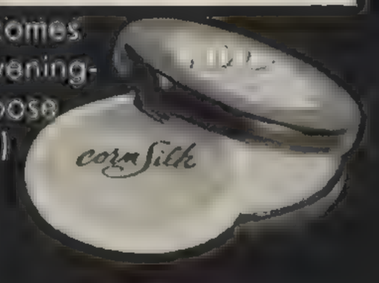


It's an amazing discovery—the first face powder made from corn.

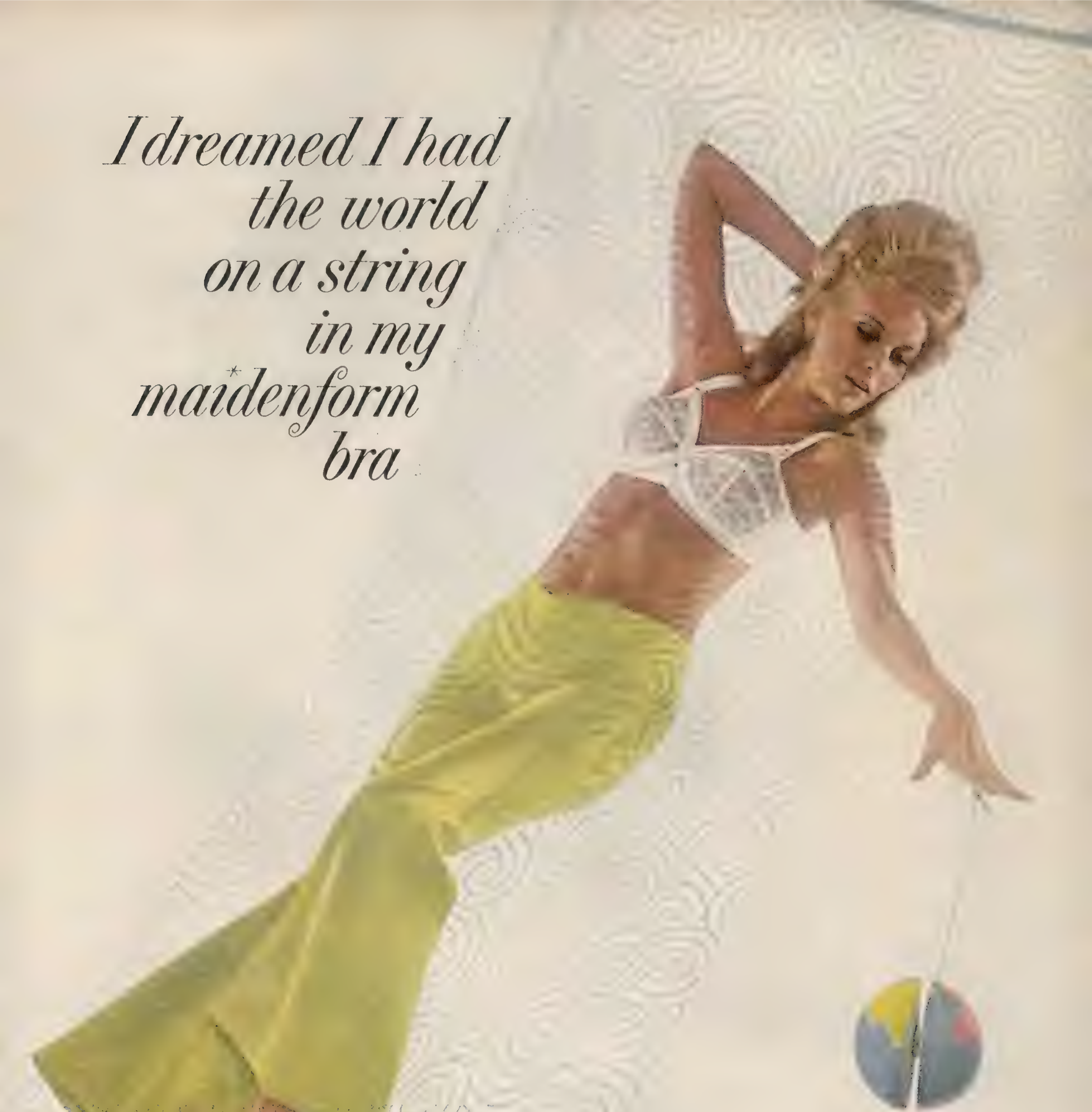
It gives you a no-shine nose for hours because it absorbs excess oil. Yet it holds delicate moisture and never looks powdery.

It's perfect for every complexion tone because it adds no color to your face. You feel as innocent of make-up as you look. From Shulton Cosmetics.

(Corn Silk pressed powder comes in both tailored-tortoise and evening-gold compacts. Try Corn Silk loose powder, and liquid foundation.)



I dreamed I had the world on a string in my maidenform bra



It's no wonder! Maidenform's* deliciously lacy 'Counter-Part' opens up whole worlds of comfort and beauty. And, Counter-Part has a marvelous criss-cross center to do dreamy things for your figure.
Lace $4.00. Cotton $3.00.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1967 BY MAIDENFORM, INC., MAKERS OF BRAS, GIRDLES, ACTIVE SPORTSWEAR.

THE RAVING BEAUTY ROSE TOWEL

Terri-down® . . . richly printed sheared terry by Martex with thirsty texture plush as velvet to caress your complexion.



MATCH MARTEX

Make your private world a secret garden with Raving Beauty Roses by the dozen. Luxurious Terri-down towels can be perfectly matched with new Luxor Dacron® and cotton sheets, Luxor blankets, and bath rugs in the same dazzling print.



FAMOUS
LABELS





Two names, famous the world over for rare good taste. One noted for rare, good taste in gems. The other for rare, good taste in Scotch. Try J & B Rare and compare its different, delightful, flavour. You'll make a most rewarding discovery. J & B Rare — product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.



The others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

A trace of curves in white piqué



PENATI

White and waffly, for summer days or little nights—a dress with an apron top that cuts corners at the armholes, bares the shoulders. Tucked into side seams, two slit pockets. By Neal-McClintock, of cotton piqué; about $70. At Bramson; John Gerber, Memphis; J. W. Robinson. Hat by Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Maison de Fou bracelet.

THE RAVING BEAUTY ROSE SHEET

Luxor . . . a new caressing blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton, silky against your skin, soothing you to sleep and pampering you awake with the no-iron ease of permanent press for lasting smoothness.



BLEND MARTEX

Make your private world blush with the pinks and roses Martex grows—Raving Beauty Rose, Powder Pink, Frosty Pink and Blush Pink. Blend them beautifully for custom cosmetic flattery in Luxor sheets, blankets and bath rugs, Terri-down towels.

THE RAVING BEAUTY ROSE BLANKET

Luxor ...and revolutionary. Gives warmth without weight, velvety richness, complete machine washability without pilling, shrinking or shedding. Never before a blanket like Luxor Raving Beauty Rose!



CONTRAST MARTEX

Make your private world personal with color. Contrast Raving Beauty Rose, Powder Pink, Blush Pink, Avocado and White Luxor sheets, blankets, bath rugs and towels. And additional towels in Frosty Pink, Bitter Olive and Grape.

First we invented the fashion towel.
And made beautiful women feel
best-dressed in the bath.

M
Martex®

Now Martex means more . . .
A luxurious new
Raving Beauty Rose
collection for bed and bath
to match, blend or contrast like
custom cosmetics.

For a glimpse of how Martex
Raving Beauty Rose
can make you and your private
world more beautiful, lift the
page and see the dazzling effect
you can create with sheets, blankets,
towels and accessories, all
in matching print, or color-schemed
with solid shades by Martex.

At fine stores across America.

West Point
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Christian Dior

presents

EAU SAUVAGE

virile, discreet, fresh

in cologne,
after-shave,
bath essentials



Or you could do it the easy way with a Sacmobile

Roll off with a rack and what have you got?

Lots of room.

No crushing and wrinkling.

No unpacking and repacking everytime you stop.

And a lot of new problems.

Put all that capacity and convenience in a neat, portable package and what have you got?

A Sacmobile.

For instance.

You can *hang* at least eight changes of costume on a Sacmobile's patented Extendo-Bar hanger rails.

To travel, snap the Extendo-Bars closed. When you get where you're going, pop them open.

The whole Sacmobile hangs up, with your clothes in it. And you've got twenty inches of hanger rail.

Shoes?

A Sacmobile cradles them in a covered shoe compartment. With four individual pockets—plus tuck-in-space.

Toiletries?

The toilet kit in a Sacmobile is waterproof, and it zips on and off.

And everything else?

For hose and hankies and little things, the Sacmobile has an accessory pouch.

For major miscellany there's a big detachable pocket that expands beyond your fondest expectations.

For all that capacity and all that convenience—*without* the tortures of the rack—get yourself a Sacmobile. There are 24 styles to choose from. Half for him, half for her. From $115.



The Sacmobile by Lark®

For a free full-color catalog and our booklet of *Tips on Trips*, write:
Lark Luggage Corp., Dept. V, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001



The Rooster People

Individualism is innate with Rooster People. And they instill it in their offspring. Sons, daughters, relevant relatives, to strengthen family ties, give Rooster People Roosters. This hand-screened paisley, for instance. Resplendent colors, richly patterned on linen-textured silk. Clever givers match the Rooster to the man. And Dads, receiving them, know they have not failed as fathers. At very good stores. 3.50.

Rooster

ROOSTER, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Pleasure, measured

We know a score of bath connoisseurs who wouldn't be caught anywhere in the world without a certain breezy, lemony-limey-herby fragrance to look forward to in and after their baths. That's the aura of Jean Naté, and it has made its name as a remarkably reviving one. Now the news: An after-bath oil spray, crisply, coolly scented in the Naté manner. A *metered* spray, in the prudent quantity-control manner. A Spray of Naté plays no favourites as to who showers and who tubs, sinks lovingly into the skin of either, no oiliness left in its wake; freshness, silkiness, and pleasure gained its only aftermath. . . . A constructive measure of pleasure for the skin after all kinds of baths—sea, pool, and sun, as well as good old tap water. . . .

The case of the invisible body film

The idea of filming the body with a powder mist that leaves the skin with no trace of powder and as polished as the inside of a seashell is, in itself, a delightful one. But that's only part of this case. Also involved is something invisible to all but the olfactory nerve: the famous fragrance that permeates the spray. Latter lasts and lasts. . . . "When I've misted myself with it, I seem to be sniffed at with interest for hours," said a user, contentedly. . . . Good for travel because it's so neat. Good for the bathroom floor because it doesn't spill. . . . Who did it? Lanvin. What's that fragrance? There are two of them. Two guesses. Fill in these blanks. A – – – – –. M – S – –. If the answer sounds like two spectacular Lanvin scents, you have solved the case.

Dressing begins in the bath

More of you shows and glows. You're even more aware of the basis of fashion: you and the skin that covers you. That's the way it is now, and now is such a lovely time. It's the era, for instance, of Yves Saint Laurent, and here's what he's done for you lately. Created a collection of bathwear, or, what-to-wear-for-bathing-and-later. Huile de Bain for the bath water or the showering body, its scent coordinated with his total success, Parfum "Y" —a little green, a little knowing—not sweet, not bitter, just heaven. Wearing your soft, provocative skin, you continue dressing with YSL's after-bath powder. Same Saintly refreshment, this time in the form of a frothy-scented cloud emerging from a clever powder-keeper that springs open, locks closed, with one small press. There you are, ready for whatever you put on next. Even if it's next to nothing. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 40.)

THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

Herbert Levy

Travelwise knit on opposite page at these fine stores:

NEW YORK CITY.....ALTMAN'S

ALABAMA
Birmingham.....Burger-Phillips

ARIZONA
Phoenix.....Goldwaters
Tucson.....Levy's of Tucson

ARKANSAS
Little Rock.....M. M. Cohn

CALIFORNIA
Southern California.....Draper's
Carmel.....Vanity Fair
Fresno.....Gottschalk's
Modesto.....Hammett's
San Francisco.....Livingston Bros.
Santa Barbara.....Lou Rose

COLORADO
Denver.....Denver Dry Goods

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington.....Rizik Bros.

FLORIDA
Maas Bros. of Florida
Orlando.....Ivey's

GEORGIA
Atlanta.....J. P. Allen
Augusta.....Cullum's
Savannah.....Fine's

ILLINOIS
Chicago.....Carson Pirie Scott
Peoria.....Madelyn's Band Box
Rockford.....D. J. Stewart Co.

INDIANA
Evansville.....De Jong's
Gary.....Henri, Inc.
Indianapolis.....Wm. H. Block Co.
Muncie.....Collegienne Shops

IOWA
Cedar Rapids.....Armstrong's
Davenport.....M. L. Parker Co.
Des Moines.....Wolf's
Sioux City.....Younker-Martin's

KANSAS
Topeka.....Pelletier's
Wichita.....Walker Bros.

KENTUCKY
Louisville.....Stewart Dry Goods

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge.....Goudchaux's
New Orleans.....Maison Blanche

MAINE
Lewiston.....Ward Bros.

MARYLAND
Baltimore.....Hutzler's

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston.....R. H. Stearns

MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids.....Paul Steketee & Sons
Kalamazoo.....Ethel Hotelling's

MINNESOTA
Duluth.....Arthur A. Silver
St. Paul.....Field-Schlick

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson.....Kennington's

MISSOURI
Cape Girardeau.....Buckner Ragsdale
Springfield.....Netter's

NEBRASKA
Lincoln.....Miller & Paine
Omaha.....J. L. Brandeis

NEW YORK
Buffalo.....Wm. Hengerer
Rochester.....B. Forman
Syracuse.....Addis Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville.....Ivey's
Charlotte.....Ivey's
Greensboro.....Thalhimers

OHIO
Cincinnati.....H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland.....Halle Bros.
Columbus.....Lazarus
Dayton.....Rike's

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City.....John A. Brown

OREGON
Portland.....Best's Apparel

PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg.....Junior Dress Shop
Pittsburgh.....Joseph Horne Co.
Reading.....Heather Shop

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia.....Haltiwanger's
Greenville.....Ivey's

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls.....Louise Dixon Shop

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga.....Loveman's
Knoxville.....Miller's
Memphis.....John Gerber Co.
Nashville.....Cain-Sloan

TEXAS
Amarillo.....White & Kirk
Corpus Christi.....The Women's Shop
Dallas.....Stylish Stout Shop
Ft. Worth.....Monnig's
Houston.....Sakowitz
San Antonio.....The Women's Shop

UTAH
Salt Lake City.....ZCMI

VIRGINIA
Richmond.....Miller & Rhoads

WASHINGTON
Spokane.....The Crescent

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee.....Smartwear-Emma Lange

Herbert Levy, Inc.
488 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018

Herbert Levy



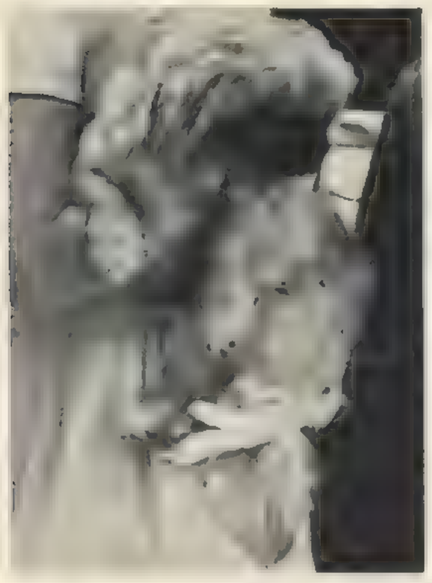
THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

The perfect combination for the travelwise woman. An elegant ensemble fashioned in Lebanon Knitting Mills luxurious wool knit.
Copper with bone or red grape with mauve.
Sizes 12½ to 24½ and 16 to 44. About $145.



Passage to India, 1967

On a green-and-gold Air-India jet to Bombay . . . from there, on to Udaipur



Off to Bombay, one fine day, flew a young woman en route to Udaipur—the dreamy, mirage-like arrangement of islands, lakes, and palaces photographed on pages 83-109. She's shown here in the process of embarking at the new Air-India terminal at JFK International Airport, in New York. Right here is where the enchantment of India begins to move in . . . exotic fellow-passengers, women in saris, men in turbans; the handsome, strongly Indian décor—above, a sand-coloured frieze modelled after a third-century B.C. Indian temple, showing worshippers of Buddha in various serene and flowing attitudes. Less obvious, but unmissably there, are the zeal and helpfulness of the Air-India people, their tact, their flexible attitude towards—for example—dogs. Small dogs like Tamerlane the Pekingese (above and left), can ride with their owners free; however, A-I does like to know ahead of time. . . . Once aboard the plane, a sleek Boeing 707 jet done inside in muted golds and greens and bound—initially—for London, the charm and super-attentive service move into even higher gear. A recent, and knowing, traveller reports: "Loved the rather spicy hot food, and also tried the excellent vegetarian menu. Loved the way A-I hostesses wear their saris, very tight where it looks best; rather brief *choli* of cinnamon-brown silk, sari of cinnamon silk with a Paisley print, in ochre and red. Hair tight in a chignon which reminded me of the Ellora caves frescoes. Love the way they hand you hot or cold towels on a silver tray; so refreshing." . . . The Bombay-bound traveller here wears a two-piece dress of melon-orange rayon with a cropped jacket, dirndl skirt. By Christian Mann for Marquise; about $100. At Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's. Kislav gloves. White shoes by Julianelli; below-the-knee socks by Christian Dior. Orange shoulder bag with a gilt chain (far right), by Ruza Creations. Luggage of green English cotton duck, bound in tan expanded vinyl, by Wings.







JACK ROBINSON

A cream like Apricotta doesn't grow on trees.

The complexion to be craved now wears a fresh alfresco glow, sweetened with the rare nectar-color of Apricotta, newest of the new turncoat colors in 'Ultima' II Under Makeup Nutrient Creme. The first moisturizer in couture tints to 'correct' the wayward tendencies of your natural skintone, give you the heady freedom to wear any makeup shade in the book.

Apricotta to brighten drab complexions.
Aquafleur a pale mint-green to cool ruddiness.
Mauvesse a heathery pink to warm sallowness.
Naturelle for a bloom of moisture only.



'Ultima' II
The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

After the shower, take a shower.



4711 makes your skin tingle in a very pleasant way. It's like a cooling rain after a hot spell.
Splash it on after a bath or shower. Or any time you need a lift. After a frantic morning of shopping. During a letdown in the afternoon. Before you go out in the evening. Any time.

You see, 4711 is the refreshant cologne. It's quite different from the perfumed kinds. It has a lovely subtle scent that recedes quietly and discreetly into the background. While the fresh, invigorating feeling on your skin lingers on and on.

4711 is made quite differently, too. A Carthusian monk gave us the formula back in 1792, and it's been a well-guarded secret ever since. (Without giving away too much we can tell you that it's mellowed for many months in oak casks. Like rare vintage wine.)

So next time you step out of a shower, or out of some tight spot, try 4711. Dab it on your neckline, shoulders, arms. All over.

It's a wonderful way to stay cool.

4711

Made, bottled and sealed in Cologne—the city of 4711.

Sole Distributor: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017



THE NOW AND FUTURE COSTUME makes a great fashion flash with a little knitted dress and its own smartly-detailed knit coat. Red, grey, blue, green, cognac. Sizes 8-16. About $100

COUTURE IMPORTS Ltd.

At the following fine stores: LORD & TAYLOR, New York; JOSEPH MAGNIN CO., California; RICH'S, Atlanta; CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO., Chicago; FROST BROS., San Antonio; HARZFELD'S, Kansas City.
Or write Couture Imports, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

If you're all woman
and love it



Lady Marlene

strapless styles are designed for you

Lady Marlene puts you up for the summer... in the chicest, sleekest bare-back bra ever to give shape to a backless day or evening fashion. DuPont nylon lace; nylon and **Lycra®** spandex, with lightly underwired cups. Black or white. Style 131, A, B or C cups. $10. At fine stores.
Lady Marlene, 20 West 33 Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Thirst things thirst

If by this time you don't know that the skin needs moisture to take in nourishment, then welcome back from wherever you've been hiding. One collection of skin preparations and makeups, Geminesse by Max Factor, is practically based on this premise. Each product is made to work with the others around the clock for the prettifying, care, and feeding—this includes moisturizing—of your epidermis. (We get tired of saying skin.) Now they're launching another *skins thirst* goodie, Geminesse Flowing Cream makeup, noticeable mainly for its texture. Not dry. Not oily. Seems to spin an innocent-looking silky sheer finish over its determination to cover. Feels creamy and light. Squeezes from a light, sleek tube. (The better to carry with you.) And how nice: there are nine subtly-stepped shades—so you can go a little rosier, pearlier, creamier, or tawnier for whatever mood you're making up to.

The French have a long name for it

There's always been a secret society of envy between French and American women. We think they know all the beauty secrets, *toujours l'amour*. They think we're long-stemmed knockouts, *en masse*. Chalk one up for their side with the recent advent of Eye Baume à la Gelée Royale by Orlane of Paris. Surely you know Orlane, very big over there and with the special crowd here. E.B.A.L.G.R. is an eye cream, moisturized and then some, latest thing in their treatment line. The word *treatment* clues us to the news: it can be working day and night and nobody could guess there's something healthy going on. (Just seems to disappear, but leaves a trace of what looks like silked-up skin.) Road-tested by French women, it's now in U.S. shops, so we can catch up. Hands across the sea, sharing the knowledge that a tiny line is the first sign of a wrinkle.

How to bask in basics

Some like it subtle, hate to be caught trying, cultivate throwaway chic. Their opposites think in basic terms—come on, it's all for effect, for vanity, for femaleness, let's go. This latter clique will do nip-ups over the latest news from Tuvaché: a spray bath oil, loaded with the heady fragrance of their Jungle Gardenia, or with the slightly less enveloping, but equally lush Tuvara scent. Both with skin-softening emollients, to spiff on while you're still dripping from tub or shower. Each long-lasting in the olfactory department, and just about as direct as you can get. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 44.)

POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

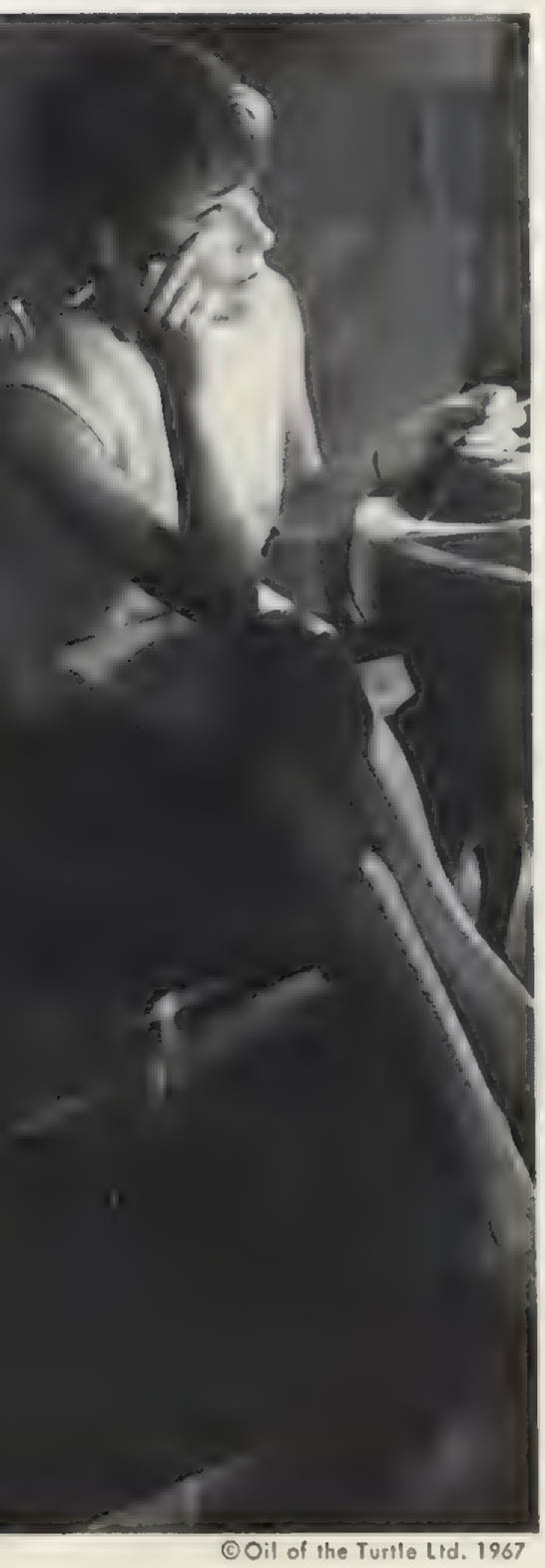
"I have an ugly friend

who's done wonders for my skin. She's a turtle. And if you have a dry skin problem like mine, you should know about her.



"For years, I'd wake up in the morning with skin that was so flaky and dry it would actually hurt around the corners of my eyes. And, as if inheriting a thin fair Irish skin wasn't enough trouble, there was wind and indoor heat, air-conditioning, sun, and let's not even mention smog. Today's climate and hectic pace are not exactly kind to our complexions.

"Then came turtle oil. It took me a year to find the formula, but Oil of the Turtle was the first thing that worked for me. Amazing stuff, turtle oil. It's a rich, potent lubricant. But your skin laps it up, way down where dryness starts. Absorbs so there's no greasy effect. (That's why it's terrific under makeup.) Oil of the Turtle didn't get rid of all the lines (I must have been born with some) but new ones don't come so often.





"I love the sun, but it doesn't love me. I always peel. So there's a sun-screen in Oil of the Turtle. Even a whole day of water-skiing doesn't dry out my skin, now.



"If you have time for a beauty ritual, great. But if you have a schedule like mine—car pool, studio, office, Girl Scouts, interview, dinner party, etc. etc. in one 'normal day'—you'll know why we put *all* the complexion help we could in this one formula. Pouf, it goes on. Pouf, it moisturizes, softens, lubricates, prepares skin for make-up. What could be simpler? Maybe turtles were made ugly so they could help make us beautiful. Ever think about that?"



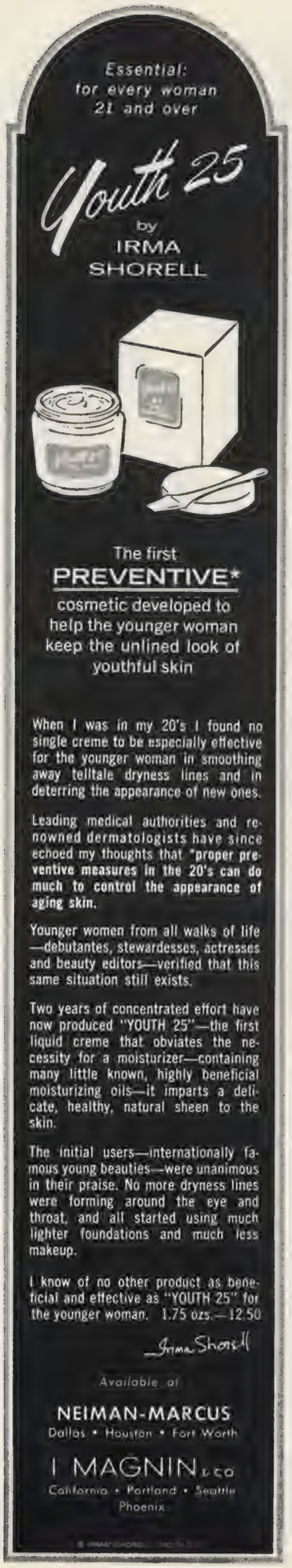
POLLY BERGEN

Oil of the Turtle

potent dry-skin help in a whippy-pink aerosol, $6
at the finest stores in America.

©Oil of the Turtle Ltd. 1967

Oil of the Turtle Ltd., Polly Bergen, President
9255 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069



Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 138-139; other views, yardages, details)



1787

Above: Geometric jersey squared away in bright brown and white. Vogue Pattern 1787. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires ¾ yard of 58″ fabric with or without nap; 1 yard of contrasting fabric for yoke and hem-band. $3. In Canada, $3.30.



1792

Above: One-shoulder dinner dress —bow at shoulder optional. Vogue Pattern 1792. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 1⅛ yards of 58″ fabric with or without nap; ⅝ yard of contrasting fabric for yoke and strap. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.; J. W. ROBINSON
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.; GIMBELS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.; LIT BROS.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN; HUDSON'S
BOSTON, MASS.; JORDAN MARSH
BOSTON, MASS.; R. H. STEARNS
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Birmingham, Alabama; Loveman's
Birmingham, Michigan; Davidsons
Binghamton, N.Y.; Fowler, Dick & Walker
Boston, Mass.; Jordan Marsh
Boston, Mass.; R. H. Stearns
Braddock, Pennsylvania; Fashion Spear
Brazil, Indiana; Fashion Shop
Brooklyn, N.Y.; Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn, New York; Martins—Fulton St.
Buffalo, New York; L. L. Berger
Buffalo, New York; Jenns Blvd. Mall
Buffalo, New York; Krasner's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Armstrongs
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Chicago, Illinois; Bernard's
Chicago, Illinois; Carson Pirie Scott
Chicago, Illinois; Foyers
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Cleveland, Ohio; Higbee Co.
Coffeyville, Kansas; Winfield Walker
Columbus, Ohio; F & R Lazarus Co.
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Dallas, Texas; Volk's
Dearborn, Michigan; Tow Bari
Denver, Colorado; Denver Dry Goods
Des Moines, Iowa; Younker Bros.
Detroit, Michigan; Hudson's
Dover, New Jersey; Shirley Shops
East Orange, New Jersey; Roz-Carol
Elkhart, Indiana; Drakes
Elmira, New York; Rosenbaums
Evergreen Park, Illinois; Foyers
Fort Worth, Texas; Leonard's
Fulton, New York; M. J. McDonalds
Georgetown, D.C.; Earl Allen
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Beverly's
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Salisbury, North Carolina; Oestreicher's
Salt Lake City, Utah; Auerbachs
San Antonio, Texas; Joske's of Texas
San Diego, California; Walker Scott
Seattle, Washington; Best Apparel
Southfield, Michigan; Sherries
Springfield, Massachusetts; Steiger's
St. Louis, Missouri; Cuminghams
St. Louis, Mo.; Famous-Barr Co.
Summit, New Jersey; Brooks
Syracuse, New York; Flah's
Tampa, Florida; Maas Bros.
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Traverse City, Michigan; Millikins
Tulsa, Oklahoma; Brown-Dunkin
Warren, Michigan; Harps
Washington, D.C.; Hecht Co.
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Wheaton, Illinois; Joy of Wheaton
Winter Park, Florida; Ivey's
Worcester, Massachusetts; Ulian
Youngstown, Ohio; Livingstons

"Tomorrow a platonic relationship will take an unexpected turn . . ."

DOMANI is Tomorrow

Tomorrow could be just another day. To make it a day to remember, wear Domani's double knit coat and dress of 70% Dacron® polyester and 30% worsted wool. This luxurious new knit combination has wool to make it feel toasty. DACRON® to keep its shape and its poise. Sizes 8 to 16, both in Bone with Rust or Woodberry, the front ensemble also in Bone with Red, the back in Bone with Green. Under $70.00 at stores listed next door, or write Domani Knits, a division of Puritan Fashions Corp., 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

®DACRON IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.

DRESS BY CUDDLECOAT



All you feel
in a Bali bra
is beautiful.

Just five minutes in a fitting room will prove it.

THE BALI COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Slather, slosh, and splash department

Some people hibernate emotionally until the stroke of June. Others hate summer. Then there are those—who probably have stable thermostats, or something—who don't care either way. Tie them all together and what have you got for their separate psyches? D'Orsay's Coologne, a great new ingratiator, made for summer and summer only. Played out from two of their best-known fragrances: Intoxication, an evening-y scent with a slightly moonlit feeling. And rosed and jasmined Voulez-Vous, more on the sunny breeze side. Both to be stashed in the refrigerator if you like. Each in a truly tremendous bottle—sixteen ounces—so you can revel in the stuff.

More covering for uncovering

A few years ago there was almost no such thing as leg and body makeup. Now we can pick, choose, experiment, just as we do with foundations for the face. Bully for us, what with the ongoing uncovering of legs, arms, back, fronts, and middles. But: there are differences among these makeups. Differences in consistency and such that can make a difference to you. A newcomer by Viviane Woodard, modestly called Sheer Perfection, is quite creamy and should be helpful to women with dry skin. Waterproof it is, pasty-looking it isn't, and—as a leg and body makeup—it's designed to play down blotches, et cetera. With luck, Sheer Perfection will come to your door via a Viviane Woodard representative who visits house to house. Or you might push your luck with a phone call. P.S. If you wore plain stockings to smooth your leg's complexion under fishnets during winter, you can cool it. Perfectly. With one of the three shades of Sheer Perfection.

Thought and afterthought

To each cosmetics maker, its own special thought. One cares enough about the effects of its products to have "climatized" them—regionalized them according to local conditions. Not surprisingly, they're doing all right, all right. Now this company, Clima-Soleil, is just as thoughtfully putting out makeup that depends more on women's habits than on climate. Enter Clima-Soleil's Color Glow cream in answer to women's habitual need for a polished, sheer nuance of colour—over the completed makeup. Actually, Color Glow can be used with forethought as cheek colour under powder; as an afterthought when your face is on and needs still more colour, you feel; or for a touch-up any time. In two shades —rosy for the pale, tawny for the tanned—to glide on with your fingertips, to look as if it grew there.

The Sun Fighter

Bronze Lustre's the name. Protects you while you tan soft, tan deep, tan smooth. Fights sun-damage, sun-aging with an exclusive Revlon sunscreen. And it's loaded with special moisturizers; acts like a night cream in the sun to guard against sun dryness and wrinkles.

Two formulas: Regular and Extra-protective, both in gelée, lotion or foam. And for your lips —Bronze Lustre Sun Sticks in Pink Gloss, Peach Gloss, Tan Gloss, Coral Gloss, Natural Gloss.

New! Bronze Lustre After Sun Silk – to sleek on all over at sundown. It moisturizes, softens and smooths; helps prevent flaking and peeling. Makes even a little tan look like a lot.

So go ahead. Expose those wide open spaces. Bronze Lustre's got you covered all the way.

Revlon
'Bronze, Lustre'
Tanning Gelée

desert flower

For centuries women have been helping themselves to the gel that keeps the aloe vera plant healthy and blooming, even in the desert. This basic skin care helped women soothe, smooth, soften, protect their skin. Actually it helped their skin take care of itself. It was the most they could do for their skin.

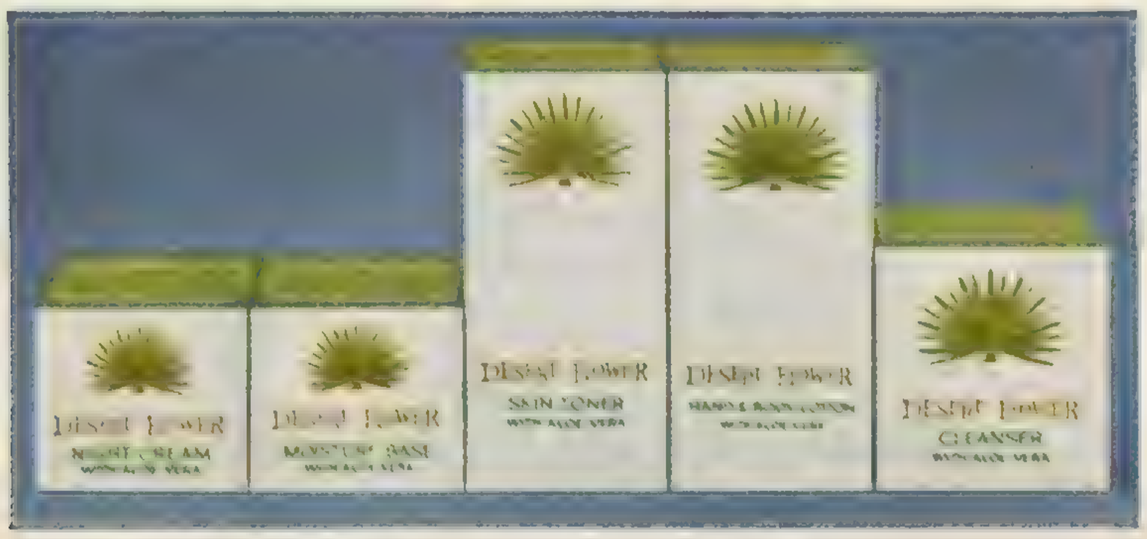
skin care by Mother Nature.



Desert Flower

Now help yourself to the same amazing aloe vera gel in night cream, moisturizer, hand and body lotion, cleanser, and toner. This, too, is basic care for all kinds of skin. Only we add special ingredients. So we actually improve on nature's way to help skin take care of itself. It's the least you can do for your skin.

skin care by Shulton.





Lift The Veil of Facial Lines

that whispers little lies about your age

Most of us recognize the "face lift" results of cinema beauties who seem ageless—whose facial appearance never seems to change from what it was 5, 10 or 15 years ago. Perhaps you've envied these people, their thirtyish look, even wished you could afford their secrets. If you would like to overcome the ravages of time, eliminate the lines that announce your age, if you want, in fact, to accomplish this ageless look, to make your 2nd Debut, please read on.

It's an accepted fact that after age 25, in the female, the cells of the skin usually begin to shrink in size because of reduced ability to obtain water and retain it. It is when the skin loses water moisture that lines begin to appear on the skin's surface, at first around the eyes, mouth and forehead. As the skin becomes drier the lines become deeper, until finally the lines become wrinkles and age lines that mark the passing of each year. As moisture departs, the veil of age begins its inevitable descent.

But recently a dedicated team of men researched and developed what is now considered a whole new concept in removing and reducing female facial lines. The principle of their discovery is natural and simple. It is based upon supplying to the surface of the skin the natural ingredient which enables the skin to maintain its youth giving water moisture balance. This key ingredient is the synthesis of a natural factor of human tissue which makes it readily acceptable to the skin, and is known to our scientists as CEF, (Cellular Expansion Factor). CEF, licensed solely to Arrivals, Ltd. for distribution in this country, is contained in the liquid face lift appropriately named *2nd Debut*. Women of all ages both here and abroad have been thrilled and delighted with the results of this new discovery. When *2nd Debut* with CEF is applied to the skin's surface, facial lines start to smooth out and become less and less visible . . . to give your skin that much desired "ageless look."

Your lift is in a bottle containing the non-oily, pleasantly scented emulsion *2nd Debut*. At night, before retiring, and after your make-up has been removed and your facial skin is free from traces of cleansing cream, you smooth a small amount of *2nd Debut* over your face and neck. Cover it gently with a circular motion of your finger tips, until it vanishes into your skin. Now is when your lift begins. There is no stretching, no peeling, nothing more than just a simple and delightful few minutes with yourself each night before retiring for half dozen or dozen nights in succession. The veil of facial lines will start to disappear as you actually lift the age lines out of your face. Day by day you watch the lines around your eyes, over your cheek bones, around your nose and at the corners of your mouth lessen and lessen as they become more difficult to find. This simple nightly routine will keep your face in this new state for as long as you want to enjoy the ageless look. Discontinue the treatment whenever you wish. Resume it when you see the need to. Succeeding courses will be every bit as effective as the first.

2nd Debut is made in two potencies. The first contains CEF 600 and is designed for the woman under forty who has started to line before her time. $3 for 4 oz. bottle.

The double-potency CEF 1200 was formulated for the face over forty; or for the impatient lady who wants visible results without delay. It smooths age lines faster. In only a few days you see a marked change. The four ounce bottle is but $5. Either will make and keep every woman looking younger than her years.

Now, to prepare your skin to receive these treatments, *2nd Debut* Liquid Cleanser was developed. Its results are dynamic. Its application is different, for it is to be applied in a thin layer over your face and throat. Then rinse off with cool water. Then your skin is clear, clean. Really clean! Price is $3 for two ounces.

Finally, *2nd Debut* Body & Hand Lotion (with CEF 600) is a most welcome sensation in body and hand grooming. Imparts a feeling of luxury to the body that makes you regard yourself with extra importance. And its CEF 600 richness quickly defeats the cause of chapping and roughness with its deep moisturizing of your hands. This is a dual-purpose balm with an immediate and pleasurable effect. $3 is the 6 ounce bottle. Money back guarantee.

At Better Department and Drug Stores

2nd Début

WITH CEF 600

ARRIVALS LTD. CHICAGO, U.S.A.





Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume. L'Interdit. Created by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn.



New summer lingerie: the mini-est



PENATI

To underpin, coolly, the mini-est summer mini-dresses—two light, summery little wisps of lingerie: each, in its airy, butterfly-wing way, a small masterpiece of construction. . . . The brassière, really two ¾ cups of seamless moulded white lace—lightly-padded, tricot-lined—held in place by wide-set stretch-lace straps; its back, simply an inch-wide band of springy grosgrain. By Olga, of Dacron lace, Kodel fiberfill, and Lycra. About $9. The petticoat—a frailty of pale-blue nylon tricot—conceals a light, but efficient little garter belt; from its spandex waistband, another waistband of stretch lace extends down on the hips, anchoring four adjustable stretch garters. By Olga, in tricot of Antron nylon, Lycra lace, and spandex. About $9. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Round-the-Clock textured stockings. Coiffure by Lupe.

Color... and gloss!

The new way!

By Dorothy Gray

Dorothy Gray's 'Lip Duet'...Compact New Way to Dew Your Lips.
'Lip Duet' is Dorothy Gray's newest Brush Stroke discovery. A chic tortoise compact. With its own *double-tipped brush*. A complete lip-makeup palette with two delicious ovals: one holds spring-fresh *lipcolor*...the other a matching shade of dewy-light *lipgloss!* First color...then gloss! Choose Petal Peach, Petal Beige, Petal Coral or Petal Red. 'Lip Duet' lipcolor and lipgloss by Dorothy Gray, $3.00.

Perfect purse accessory ... Dorothy Gray's new tortoise Brush Stroke Oval with blusher makeup ... and a handy new swivel brush. $2.00 each.



five

loves

have

I....

spray colognes by

Dana


20 CARATS
EMIR
TABU
PLATINE
Ambush

Pamper yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

For *professional* hair coloring you invest a little more time and money than for just do-it-yourself color. *Is it worth it?* If do-it-yourself color is all you've known, visit your beauty salon next time. Let your hairdresser pamper your hair, with skill, care, judgment. And find your answer—in the way you look, the way you *feel.*



Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADEMARK

What kind of name is Capriel? Italian?

In this case, yes. Capriel went straight to Firenze for inspiration for this stunning 2-piece knit.

In any case, Capriel will go to the four corners of the earth to bring you what is best in knits.

What kind of name is Capriel? International, of course.



100% wool knit dress and jacket costume comes in Brown/Beige/Taupe, Green/Mustard/Mint, Grey/Light Grey/Charcoal. Sizes 8-16
Capriel Imports, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

A page of secrets from OXFORD, the sheer bone china, to help you choose your china like an expert.

You've probably been thinking about it for a long time. Now the time has come to choose the one bone china that will be forever, exquisitely you. A little unnerving?

Relax. With the expert tips we have for you, you can shop with confidence, and never lose your poise.

What's more, your timing is perfect. Because finally, after one hundred years, something wonderful has happened to bone china. Its name is Oxford. And it has changed the bone china world.

FIRST, WHAT IS IT?

Bone China is fine porcelain china that is pure white in body color. The snowier, the better.

Its name and its color come from the bone ash in its body. Bone ash also imparts great strength.

The old world has long been noted for its bone china. But now America is making bone china, and it has surpassed all the world. Yes, Oxford has taken the traditional art of bone china and brought it into the 20th century. Exciting!

WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT OXFORD?

We'd need ten pages of scientific talk to tell you. We'll spare you. Let's just say that Oxford has applied American technology and modern science to this ancient art. And kept the ancient art, too. A piece of Oxford may go through 45 pairs of skilled hands, and take thirty days before it is completed.

You don't see the fantastic pains we take to blend the clays: you see the results in china that is stronger, sheerer, whiter, more luminous.

You don't see our fanaticism with glazes. What you see: pieces that are glass-smooth, brilliant, flawless.

You don't see our 18 inspections but your heart would break to see the beautiful china we destroy every day, just because of tiny flaws you can hardly see! Oxford sells no "seconds;" what we sell is perfection: in shape, size, color, glaze, decoration.

Now here's where *you* become an expert. These are the secrets of being an expert china shopper. Why not snip them out and take them with you?

SECRET ONE. Test translucency. Hold plate to the light. You should see the shadow of your fingers, with no "puddles" or thick spots. Oxford is more translucent than any other bone china.

SECRET TWO. Examine a cup. Is it deep enough to keep coffee hot—wide enough to sit securely on the saucer? Is the rim smooth to the touch? Is the handle joined with no break in the glaze? Is the handle big enough for a man's hand? Oxford says "yes" to all.

SECRET THREE. Check the glaze. It should be smooth, glassy... all over... in every light. Oxford is! You will find no waviness, no heavy pools, bumps, pits, blisters.

SECRET FOUR. Look at body color. Is it a pure, radiant snow white, with no gray, splotchiness or specks? Oxford is!

SECRET FIVE. Consider the shape. Are the plates shapely, balanced, graceful, big enough? Are they thin and delicate? Oxford is! Lift a stack of plates of another bone china. Then of Oxford.

SECRET SIX. Examine pattern and trim. Has the gold or platinum been evenly, carefully applied? Are there any breaks? Bubbles? Are the colors clear? The patterns distinct and precise, even in fine lines? Is the gold 24-karat? Oxford is!

SECRET SEVEN. Open stock. You can buy individual pieces of Oxford to add to your place settings.

WHAT PATTERN IS BEST FOR YOU?

Here your own personality, your dreams of your life ahead, must guide you. Some Oxford patterns are designed to complement traditional décor... others contemporary. Whatever your choice... Oxford will harmonize with your loveliest crystal and sterling.

If you are a bride-to-be, visit the Wedding Gift Registry of your favorite store. Its trained staff will be glad to enter your name, and your Oxford pattern preference. Then your family and friends can select your choice... and add to your set, without fear of duplication.

For free literature showing a variety of handsome Oxford patterns in full color, write to Oxford Bone China, Dept. 26, Trenton, New Jersey, 08605.

Oxford 5-piece place settings from $19.95 to $50.00.



OXFORD
THE SHEER BONE CHINA

There are twenty-two places to wear




Straw Hat. One of them is on your head.
Wear Straw Hat
everywhere. All over.
It's the suntime, funtime
fragrance that comes on
all sizzle and zing. Even
when *you're* playing it cool.
Straw Hat is for right now.
Parfum Extraordinaire
Cologne Extraordinaire
Savon Extraordinaire
Skin and Bath Perfume
and Bath Powder
Straw Hat. The
head-to-toe
warm weather
fragrance by
Fabergé
STRAW HAT

The Art of McCarty: The lordly Chesterfield, cut to a lady's measure. Glen plaid on the narrow, the collar paved with velvet. Black and white, overbloused and dotted in black on red. Cooled with cotton down to the last lean inch. 8 to 18 sizes. About 60.00.

Titche's

Dallas



Justin McCarty

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

June

Automatic lift . . . Can't reveal her name. Won't even hint at the Broadway hit in which she's currently starring. Will only say this much: there is a spectacularly attractive and effective actress who appears on stage (and sometimes off) wearing a hairpiece that contains a secret. What it is is a separate band that looks like a cross between a headband and a waist-cinch. What it does is slyly lift the actress' face; give the skin a tauter fit against the bones. Made to her order and to her precise measurements (mastoid bones and shape of skull have urgent bearing on the comfort of the gadget), the facelift band slips on when the curtain call is one minute. . . . Is the slip-on facelift thinkable for non-stage people? Could be. Called the Cesca, the band was developed by a Miss Francesca of the hairdressing salon named Fifty East Coiffures (a name clued by the salon's address: 50 East Fiftieth Street). Miss Francesca thinks she might be able to work the thing out by mail, but for the moment, anyone interested in exploring the band had best make an appointment and take the interested head along for measurement. For a super-sensitive scalp, we'd say: forget it. For a face that could use a few hours' lift at times, we'd say: consider it. In any case, the salon, in which Allen Litke is co-partner, is willing to try to make the automatic lift work for anyone who wants it. Since it works best when topped by a hairpiece, lack of such property would up the price of the band considerably; hair is extra. Band alone: in the neighbourhood of $50. . . .

The Twiggy figgah . . . A whole lot stranger than the very strange banker on Penny Lane (who never wears a mac/In the pouring rain) is the Twiggy phenomenon in some of its more exotic manifestations. For instance, at a public haircutting of Twiggy's hair some two months back, seasoned reporters and sophisticated TV characters begged Twiggy's hairdresser, Leonard of London, for souvenir scraps of Twiggy's hair; one urged Leonard to cut the hair much shorter so there'd be more souvenir "to take home to my children." . . . No odder, but a lot more alarming, is news that at several girls' schools, signs of Twiggy-inspired dieting cropped up this past spring. And this, we hasten to say, *we do not like.* Don't like in general, because therein lies malnutrition for the figure that wasn't born to be a Twig. Don't like specifically, now that we know more about the relationship between inadequate nourishment and fatigue. If you're bent on a Twiggy figgah, read the eating-for-health article in this issue. Then incline yourself out of what is nonsense, and could be very serious besides. . . .

Look who's looking at lipstick . . . Who's looking at lipstick is lipstick-makers. Yes they are. Looking at the conventional casing and saying: Why be conventional? The produce of two such investigators will be seen this month. And although they go about their findings in two entirely different ways, both agree that what every lipstick needs is a mirror. First of the new June batch to arrive at this reviewing stand came from Max Factor, whose way of mirroring a lipstick is as follows. A doll-size hand mirror of painted papier mâché, the handle of which becomes the lipstick's cap. Roughly five inches long, the lipstick-mirror could fight its way into a little handbag. Each of the mirrors offers *two* lipsticks to a package. They get you coming and going, these people. . . . Second mirrored lipstick to reach these premises this season came from Coty, which house has been doing a most arresting job of completely re-thinking cosmetics cases. (If you've seen the wafer-thin oblong compact Coty issued this spring, you know they're thinking smart.) New lipstick, ready mid-month, is called Coty Cremestick Reflector; is a case with one side flattened to hold a neat little slab of mirror. Three shades of lipcolours shine with the new mirror news. . . .



BLUE GRASS...the essence of happiness.

Elizabeth Arden

New York • London • Paris • Cannes

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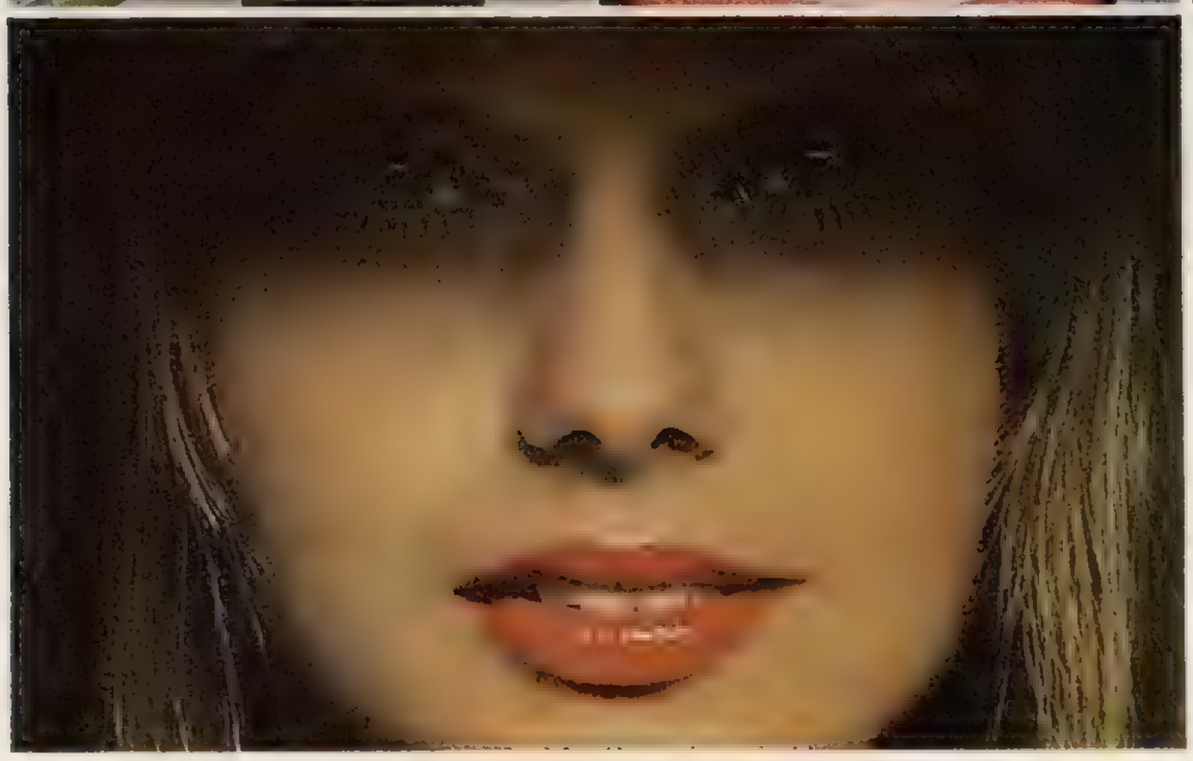
DuBarry® introduces a new Glissando.®
A whole creaming, coloring, lighting system in a single stick.

This is what it takes: more than one color, plus cream, plus a light reflector.



This is what it is: cream and light glowing in a stick of color twined with color.





This is what it does, the way nothing else could. Until now. Until Glissando.

For the lighted mouth.

A creamy new Glissando.
Lip Lighting Sticks of marvelous self-blending color on color.
Before Glissando, you had to improvise if you wanted
to light your lips instead of merely coloring them.
(By using a glosser, maybe. Or licking your lips. Or taking the
time to apply a coat of one color on top of another, and another.)
But now you can do it with just one stick of color, cream
and light.
Glissando. A system invented by DuBarry to put you in
control of light.
In 12 different color on color combinations.
Part of DuBarry's complete system of applied lights for the face.

DuBarry. Inventor of beauty systems.

© DuBarry 1967





behind every OLGA there really is an Olga

...who believes shaping should be a **YOUNG SECRET**®—discreetly natural. Each bra in this designer's collection gives a softly rounded silhouette. Shown here, style 360, in feminine clipped lace with contouring shell cups of weightless fiberfill. Lycra* stretch straps and band give perfect fit. Fully padded version, style 365. Both in classic colors and pretty pastels. Sizes 32-34-36, A-B-C, 5.00.

Other Young Secret bras: soft cup, underwire, push-up, strapless and longline styles, from 4.50 to 9.00. For store nearest you, write Olga, Department V-67, P.O. Box 4284, Van Nuys, California 91409

*power net of nylon and spandex with polyester fiberfill

FRESH
NEW BOUNCE
IN DACRON®
The great suited look.

Chopped top, with prim Chesterfield collar and flapped pockets over a high-yolked sleeveless dress with circlet neckline and leather sash. In muted blue, brown or green plaid. Washable, in 65% Dacron* / 35% cotton.

Sizes 7-17 — 6-18
About $33.00

Minx Modes®



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Minx Modes St. Louis, Missouri 63103
New York City, 1400 Broadway

CHECKING OUT THE MEN

June

The man and Instant Health

It's their health, naturally, that we're concerned about. Any funny little notions to the contrary do not constitute right thinking. For instance. If a man's face looks younger than it is, as young as it wants to be, the man who owns that face tends to watch his figure. Tends to seek to support his "youth" with an allover aura of health. And health, or the look of it, is what maintains and renews a face's attractiveness. Which is, essentially, why women wear makeup foundation: to gloss over the nettling matters that imply less than the good life. And which is, essentially, why men should cheer in an after-shave gel that corrects the failings of a face's built-in colour. Takes a pale skin or a fading tan that might veer toward sallow, plays down the yellow, plays up the wholesome beige with a bronzing note. Takes a ruddy skin that might go in the direction of florid, "dissolute," tames it by tawning it. Takes a normal unsunned complexion and makes it seem to have spent a perfect, disciplined week on a St. Martin beach. . . . These are the three colour schemes, one of which belongs to every man, that Aramis, Estée Lauder's masterful grooming plan for men, now proposes to deal with—with three shades of Aramis Bronzing Gel. No resemblance here to "makeup"; doesn't rub off face; stays put until soap and water removes. And, while it delivers Instant Health, performs all the salubrious work of an after-shave because skin-soothers, antiseptic, healers, and the vigorous intrigue of the Aramis scent are part of the act. . . . So: Good for the gander's grooming speed in addition to his well-being. . . .

Saving his skin, surreptitiously

Tarzan doesn't ape Jane when it comes to sun protection. Often goes about getting crabmeat red or nutty brown or prune dry without apparently so much as a fleeting thought to the damage suit that will be served later on his face. . . . Maybe you've noticed that the only chaps who do even half the beach-lotioning that women do are the pale birds who've discovered that a sunburn, for them, will provide immediate agony. Fellows who tan quickly and deeply, without prompt disaster, are apt to take the sun as it comes, protected by nothing but valour, cheerfully unmoved by the long-run hazards. . . . On the theory that a little catering to a man's desire for sun preparations that feel like they aren't will go a long way toward preserving a man's hide, Charles Revson has supplemented his admirable Braggi Man Plan group of things for men with the Braggi Tan Plan. The Braggi Sun Bronzing Gel. A clear gel—clean-feeling, clear through. He can slip it on while he lopes to the surf. Tan-promoting, burn-demoting. Non-sticky, non-oily. No smell except of all outdoors. Very surreptitious. . . . The Braggi After Sun Balm is a moisturizing lotion that can be splashed on with masculine éclat to banish, slyly, post-sun tautness, heat, peeling . . . and the possibility of later havoc. Leaves an invisible film to diminish the tension between a sunned man and his clothing. And he doesn't even necessarily know what's happening. Splendidly stealthy work. Something to Braggi about. . . .

Improving his attitude, noticeably

Still on the health kick: fragrance. Part of his grooming, part of his clean image, part of his allure, part of his picture of himself. And how much else is mental health all about? . . . The healthy news from Christian Dior is that Miss Dior and friends have acquired a male relative. And his name isn't Mr. Dior, it's Eau Sauvage, a wildly masculine, fiercely complex, belligerently clean fragrance that scents a group of shave-smoothers and offers itself up as a cologne, too, to be splashed on or atomized on. A citrus-touched woodland fragrance (you can see the forest through the lemon trees), Eau Sauvage commends itself to handkerchiefs and cuffs as well as to freshly-laundered skin. We see the desk drawer as a healthy parking spot for the atomizer version, a whiff now, a whiff then, to keep his state of mind unsullied. . . . (More health-dealing men's fragrances, page 70.)

The idea of the Big Eye Put-On

Coty Originals
came up with the idea
of a wardrobe of faces.
With eyes dressed
the way *you* are.
For everywear. From
the beach to a ball.
For this very on-the-town
look, start with shimmery
new Iced Shadow Powder
(Purring Pink, smidge
of Snow Pearl, whisper
of Wild Plum) and
double-flutter falsies
with detachable
Glitter Strips. Only
Coty Originals has them.
And loads more
where they came from.

Coty Originals
what big ideas you have!

Complete make-up collection
at drug and department stores.
1.50—3.00. Lashes 6.00 and 8.50.



Introducing a unique idea in men's shaving cologne: eeny, meeny, miny, moe.

We took essences imported from nine countries. Made nine shaving colognes. Put them all in one package.

And we ended up with an international collection of shaving colognes we call Nine Flags. Nine great scents. Each one as different as the girls of Sweden are from, say, the girls of France.

But what can a man do with nine that he can't do with one?

He can get out of a rut. Vary the routine. Switch off when he wants something with more pizzazz. Throw his girl off guard with a change in scent. Or with a blend of several scents he mixed himself.

What Nine Flags gives him is a choice. Eeny, meeny, miny or moe.

Available in department and men's stores in single flasks or collections of 2, 3, 4, 6 and 9—from $5 to $15.

Nine Flags
shaving cologne



© Nine Flags International Div.
Essences Imported. Blended in U.S.A.



They're big, bold and beautiful . . . created for the big, bold and beautiful world that has no time to seal an envelope and must dash off an impressionable word to someone who has no time to tear open an envelope. One of the newest creations from Montag who originated Lap Letters, Post-A-Cards and all the individuality in writing papers. *At Trend-Setting Stores Everywhere.*

■ *Kicky Quickies . . 3 for 39¢* ■ *Lap Letter Portfolios . $1.00* ■ *Post-A-Cards . . 18 for 59¢*



MONTAG—Atlanta • Dallas • New York—Division of Westab—Dayton, Ohio



Now blush glows up!

'Glowlightly'

by Cover Girl



NATURAL GLOW · TAWNY GLOW · AMBER GLOW
(Each with Noxzema medication for extra protection.)

3 new brush-on blushers irresistibly merged with frost!

Now brush on a blush that's more sheen than seen.
More light than bright. (Faintly frosted, yet unbelievably bare!)
It's today's way to blush. Sheer. Discreet. Completely natural.
The only way to glow... lightly!

'Glow lightly' MEDICATED BLUSH AND BRUSH,
COMPLETE IN TORTOISE-TONE COMPACT. $2.25

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CHECKING OUT THE MEN (Continued from page 64)

Men's perfumery: Beginner course

If on one's hands is a beginner-type in the men's fragrancing department, a man easily intimidated by the wickedness of anything that smacks of "perfume," magnificent help has arrived. One of the oldest, cleverest perfumers in the world has come up with a splendid way to wheedle him into the faith. It's a new Japanese-flavoured scent called Yama, and Houbigant is the deviser. Designated neither as after-shave or cologne—just smoothly entitled Yama Men's Lotion—it will serve as both, in addition to after-bath polishing. Its initial olfactory approach is all innocence. Just a cool hint of firred mountain air, very appropriate since Yama means mountain in Japanese. . . . But watch out. . . . In that mountain there is a small volcano, and as Yama develops on a man's skin, handsome implications of the Mysterious East come forcefully through. And that man's no longer a beginner. . . .

Intermediate stage

Once he's learned how effective the perfume game is, he'll seize any manly excuse to get scented up. For instance, in his rub down—which is precisely what the English Leather people have called their latest vehicle for that sporting fragrance: English Leather Rub Down. A recipe which blends menthol, deodorant, skin conditioner together with the scent, Rub Down is an exhilarating medium for brisk massage, leaves the man toned up, dashingly aromatized, thoroughly prepared for a lively day. . . . There's an English Leather Lime Rub Down, too, for those whose light is lime. "It exuberates me," said a test case. Either English Leather Lime or English Leather straight will exuberate his lair, as well, for these two no-kidding scents decorate a whole room, briefly, with fragrance. Nothing halfway, really, about them. . . .

Advanced case

"I just noticed," said the mother of a teen-ager lately, "that I can tell, when my son has a date, from the cologne he picks out of the medicine cabinet how serious his intentions are." Her son may be only a sophomore in college, but he's in the graduate school of men's perfumery. He's joined those go-get-hers who like to keep a library of fragrances, a collection of heavy and light material to be snacked from as the emotional picture dictates. Even Swank's Jade East, the men's cologne that has won, in just a few years, the respect of so many men and their women, now has a Swanky competitor for the catering to of men's moods as they press their pursuit of life and happiness. Jade East Coral is name of same, an after-shave and a cologne considerably subtler than the definitive, unmistakable Jade East. "More Polynesian," said another graduate student of these matters, "than Jade East, which leans toward Oriental." In the case of our college sophomore, we would be interested in learning which date gets treated to which. The soft sell of Jade East Coral for a blonde who prefers gentle men? Or the candour of Jade East for a girl with lots to learn? Or the other way around? . . .

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VOGUE'S

The razzle-dazzle "Salute to American Musical Theater" in New York



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E

"A bang-up, exhilarating party like a patriotic triumph," a guest said, "if you can think of the American Musical Theater as a country": A country with nothing but attractive, excited inhabitants the night in New York when the "Salute to American Musical Theater" went off for the benefit of the Manhattan School of Music.

On an upswing of expansion, this important school plans a new and unprecedented course of training in musical theatre. Raising money to that end, this eve-



3

NOTEBOOK



4



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6

ning's "Salute" produced a glitteringly polished and put-together show of songs, slides, and history glancing over one hundred years of musical comedy.

Among all the hits and heroes, possibly the most entrancing part of the entertainment was the razzle of show songs sung by Manhattan School students, talented, elated, the girls dressed in a dazzle of sequins in red, blue, and—not white, but silver. That's theatre.



7



8

1. The Manhattan School of Music Chorus in front of a slide from an early musical. 2. From a parade of costumes worn in A. *Ziegfeld Follies*, B. *Can-Can*, C. *High Button Shoes*, D. *Hello, Dolly!*, E. *On Your Toes*. 3. Mr. Ben Grauer and Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse. 4. Mrs. Charles Eaton; Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, II; and Mr. Aldo Broggi. 5. Mr. Richard Rodgers and Mrs. Kenneth A. Ives. 6. Mr. Samuel I. Newhouse and Mrs. Iva S.V.-Patcévitch. 7. Mrs. Leonard Bernstein, Miss Jane C. Stanton, and Mr. Peter Lieberson. 8. Mr. Richard Adler and Miss Maria Noel. 9. Mrs. Doris Vidor, Mr. Patrick O'Higgins, and Mrs. Joseph A. Neff.



9

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

Galileo, "*the silly game*"

The revival of Brecht's *Galileo* at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center has been widely hailed with the faintest of faint praise as the present direction's best effort so far. This it is, but that best is still the theatrical equivalent of All-Bran or one of those other foods that undertake to improve the condition of the consumer's bowels and morals without giving him any kind of pleasure. The thing is set in a huge gantry made of metal piping that has no dramatic function at all beyond that of giving the production the air of being austere and progressive, and the costumes suggest that Italians at the high point of the era of Mannerist elegance habitually wore clothing that the country bumpkins of upper Saxony would have shrunk from wearing at a cattle fair.

All this is of course part of the silly game called "proletarian theatre" that the direction of the Repertory Theater is playing. Cheap clothes made of ugly materials are supposed to be more "genuine" or "sincere," and more truly theatrical, than well-designed and handsome costumes, and the company, in spite of its resources, takes pride in putting on shows that look as if they had been dressed in junk shops. Mr. Anthony Quayle, playing Galileo himself in this production, makes his first entry in what might be taken to be a pair of Harris tweed cycling-britches of the kind that Mr. George Bernard Shaw often wore in his younger days. This is not altogether inappropriate, for Brecht's simplified version of this extremely complicated man of the Renaissance bears a remarkable resemblance to the sort of vegetarian, radical schoolmaster who was drawn, as by a magnet, to the Fabian society in the 'nineties and early nineteen hundreds.

The truth is that Brecht's Galileo is a suburban and provincial figure locked in a trivial argument with a trivial set of people—say, the board of regents of a second-rate state university. He isn't the very large-minded and enormously courageous figure who undertook to change man's view of the universe any more than the opponents given him in the play are real representatives of the triumphant church of the Counter Reformation which could build the St. Peter's we know as a monument to its majesty and power. By diminishing this struggle between titans to a storm in a teacup Brecht theoretically brings it closer to us dumb groundlings, but in practice he strips the story of its grandeur and its interest.

Illya Darling, "*excruciating*"

Illya Darling is another of those musicals about wonderful, wonderful whores. This one, played by Melina Mercouri, functions as a kind of den mother to a group of fun-loving workers who frequent a certain bar in the port of Athens. Along comes Orson Bean in the rôle of a wholly serious American, and while he's trying to redeem her, she saves him from his solemnity. This was a banality as a movie, but in its new form it is excruciating—partly because Miss Mercouri is, well, so tremendously healthy, so enormously wholesome, so darned energetic, that you get to wondering if that many dockers in the one port would want her particular brand of apple pie, and partly because Orson Bean gives a dazzlingly inane performance that has to be seen to be believed, but which is better skipped.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

Accident, "*Pinter at his best*"

"Things are seldom what they seem,/Skim milk masquerades as cream. . . ." I often think of these lines from Gilbert and Sullivan when I see Harold Pinter's work because of his constant but amused concern with appearance and reality. *Accident*, Pinter's latest screenplay, is no exception since it not only makes a brutal point about life in the most reasonable possible manner but, like Pinter at his best, which this remarkable film is, makes it inconceivable that brutality should come masquerading any other way.

The story of *Accident* is told in a series of subtle, beautifully played flashbacks, and one might say that the whole meaning of it works backwards also. It begins on a note of horror: the squeal and screech of a crashing car, the sight of a young couple curled up behind the fractured window like two sleeping bloody foetuses, a man rushing to help the girl climb out of the wreck with the terrible cry, "Don't! You're standing on his face!" Yet, as the past which has led up to it slowly unravels, this moment would seem to be less violent than the ordinary day of the Oxford don who has come upon the accident, a man verging on forty, who goes the rounds of his quiet domesticity driven by joy and hate, generosity and greed, affection for his wife and a despairing love for his two students, an aristocratic boy and girl who happen to be in love with each other. The usual displacement of age by youth, it seems, perhaps even the casual murder of age by youth. But not quite. In the end, the boy lies dead, and the beautiful girl, the author of the accident, still and deathly white herself, is taken by the quiet professor as if he were raping a corpse.

Technically, *Accident* can't be faulted, and perhaps much of the depth of meaning that I ascribe to the screenplay should really be attributed to the brilliant direction of Joseph Losey and to a superb cast of actors who need only to make themselves seen in order to make themselves felt, a necessity in any Pinter undertaking. I am not usually an admirer of Dirk Bogarde, but he is all he needs to be as the don: intelligent, witty, refined but with a seamy side some place. Stanley Baker is also excellent as his coarser but more decent novelist friend, and so is Jacqueline Sassard, the lovely student princess. As the pregnant wife, Vivien Merchant, that most tender and feeling of all actresses, is perfect, a quiet blue pool of womanhood, serene but a little outside of life. And that very interesting newcomer, Michael York, plays the young "aristocrat . . . made to be killed," with the kind of golden élan one imagines in Rupert Brooke.

Together they conspire to weave a complex web of relationships with the utmost economy of style. A cart of buttered muffins waiting for tea is a whole day of patient, affectionate, housewifely drudgery. A weary conversation over the newspapers by three professors (one of whom is Alexander Knox, not at all wasted in a small rôle) covers a multitude of dons. There are brilliant contrasts and juxtapositions: a brutal game of indoor Rugby played by young bloods clawing and gouging at each other in their dinner clothes. And, after the professor has embraced that dead-white girl, the startling bright pink of his newborn baby.

The end of *Accident* quietly closes the door on its beginnings, but there is a curious feeling of not yet having done with the matter—a tribute, really, since there is still so much left of this fascinating movie to analyze and ponder.







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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

"*May We Borrow Your Husband*," "*agile and urbane*"

Graham Greene's new collection of a dozen stories is called "*May We Borrow Your Husband*" (Viking); the subtitle is "And Other Comedies of the Sexual Life." Although most of these comedies are not comic (they are ironic, some of them, to the point of inhumanity, and some of them are darkly dolorous; the outright farces show their machinery too clearly to be really funny), they are told with a lightness of touch wanting in Mr. Greene's longer and more explicit treatises on the subject. Since one is not at every turn assailed and affronted by his particularly noxious brand of prurience, one can with great pleasure rediscover the Greene of earlier years, who, sentence for sentence and paragraph for paragraph, was the most agile and urbane of entertainers.

In this book Greene has mercifully left out his complicated obsession with the Roman Church and, while his Americans are still abominable, he dwells upon them a little less than usual. To be sure, he is as parochial as ever when he causes one of them to say, "America didn't mean Coca-Cola and Time-Life when my father was young." In another story his English heroine drinks warm Martinis in Jamaica while a band of women tourists from St. Louis, wearing hair curlers under scarfs all day long, chauvinistically drink Coca-Cola. These nettles appear in two of the best stories: "Two Gentle People" (published as "The Secret" in Vogue, January 1, 1967) has to do with a man and woman who pick each other up in a Paris park and dine together and, their brief and innocent encounter finished, part company, he to return to his hypochondriacal wife, and she to her stridently homosexual husband who brings his playmates home.

In "Cheap in August," the Jamaica story, a youngish Englishwoman happily married to an American academician who is in London delving in the British Museum fetches up in bed with a corpulent old man who, though he is American by birth, passes muster because he is a soldier of fortune and drinks bourbon instead of you know what. He is still Greene's old caricature rigged out in every predictable cliché imaginable, and there is a hint of almsgiving in the woman's capitulation, but the tenderness and poignance of the telling cancel out these imperfections and leave a sad, sound, good story. Mr. Greene is better at writing of the contretemps in the affairs of men and women than he is in showing forth homosexual predicaments; his homosexuals, like his Americans, are travesties that can not be taken seriously.

The Deep End, "*juvenile putrefaction*"

Joseph Hayes, in a new novel (Viking), employs a device he used in his first cliff-hanger, which was successfully adapted for the stage and screen. That device is the siege of a household, gratuitously selected, by miscreants on the lam. In this case, the beset is a summer bachelor and the besetters are a pair of beatniks who move in on him because they have no pad of their own.

If Mr. Hayes had been content to write a tale of suspense and had taken much less space in doing so, his offering might be acceptable, but he has been impelled to mess around with morality and values and the phenomenon of juvenile putrefaction in the modern world to such an extent that the tensions of his story sag and at last collapse under a burden of highfalutin but superficial exposition.

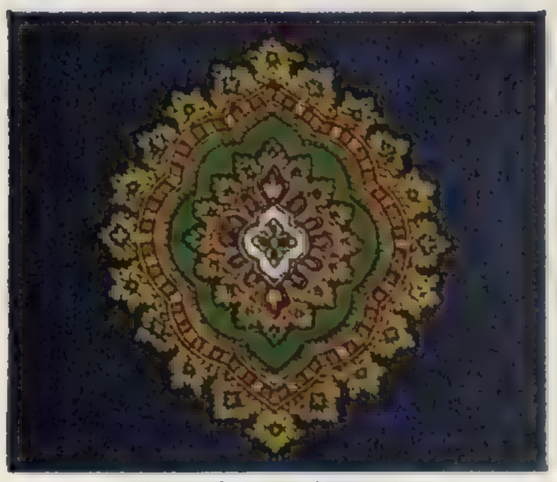


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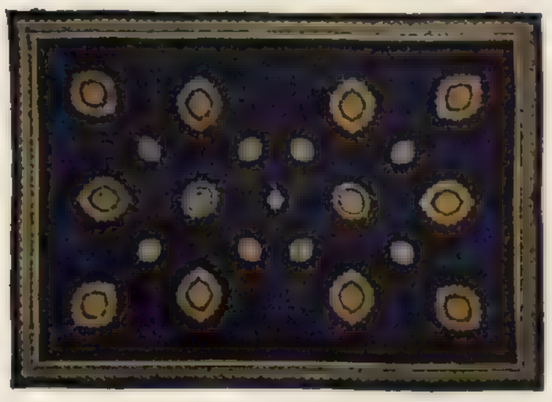
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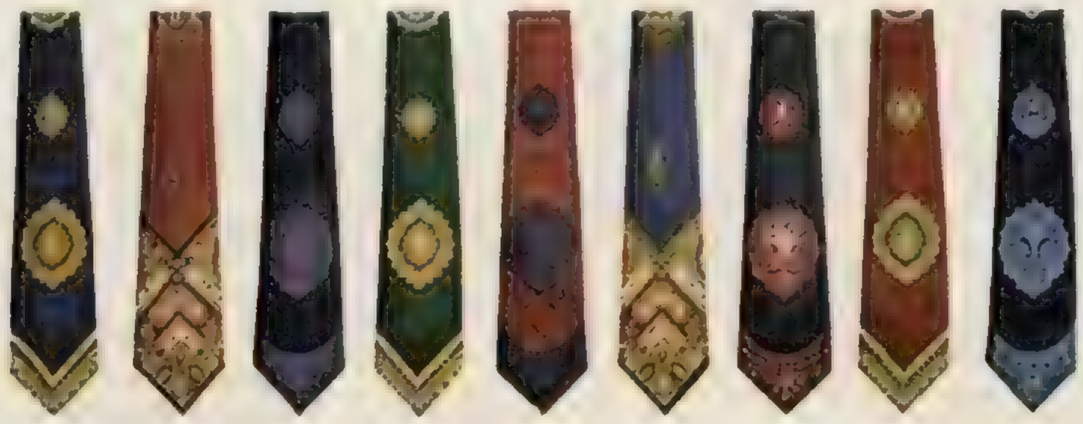
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

The new international style: ***the jacket with a new cut, new approach to good looks, to luxury. In New York:*** 1. Photographer Horst's navy cashmere blazer, pearl-buttoned, owner-designed, made by Wetzel of Saks Fifth Avenue. To note: high collar, high closing, vertical slash pockets. ***In Rome:*** 2. Marcello Mastroianni's suit of black mohair worn with black silk turtleneck. The jacket shaped to the body and collarless. It was designed by Giulio Coltellacci, costs $200 at Piattelli, 19 Via Convertite, Rome. Roman, and definitely the jacket of the moment in Europe, "Nehru," 3., by Testa, 104 Via Frattina, Rome. Important: the standing collar, longer jacket—adapted from the Indian tunic, in a variety of fabrics, this, light wool checked in blue. With white silk turtleneck and printed hat by Carlo Palazzi, 7 Via Borgognona, Rome. ***In Paris:*** 4. Arnaud de Rosnay finds Ruben Torres's two-piece, two-tone stretch suit of Lycra and Orlon in white and grey ideal for tooling around the city on his noteworthy motorcycle, a Velocette, three-time winner of the French championship. ***In New York:*** 5. Alexis de la Falaise has Ken Scott's zip-front heather-colour wool suit, banana-colour sheer wool shirt, also with zip front. ***In New York:*** 6. Film star James Fox expresses the new luxe in dusty rose velvet jacket from "Hung on You," 34 Cale Street, London. From there, too, the deep-pink satin shirt, mocha silk cravat, snuff corduroy trousers. From Herbert Johnson, Bond Street, London, a wide brim navy felt hat—its twin worn here by Andrea Cohen. ***In Paris:*** 7. Les frères Renoma. Their shop, 129 rue de la Pompe, is a mecca for young men; currently after the velvet Bonaparte worn by Michel, right, or the military tunic, left, worn by Maurice.



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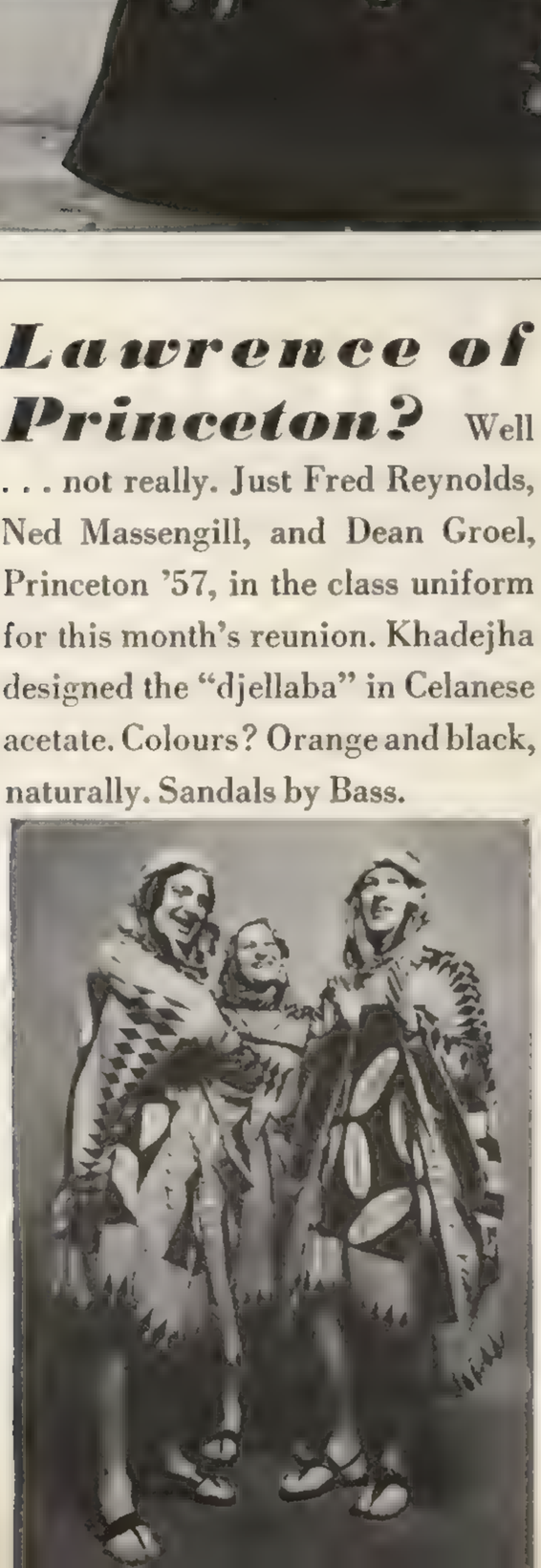


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Lawrence of Princeton? Well . . . not really. Just Fred Reynolds, Ned Massengill, and Dean Groel, Princeton '57, in the class uniform for this month's reunion. Khadejha designed the "djellaba" in Celanese acetate. Colours? Orange and black, naturally. Sandals by Bass.

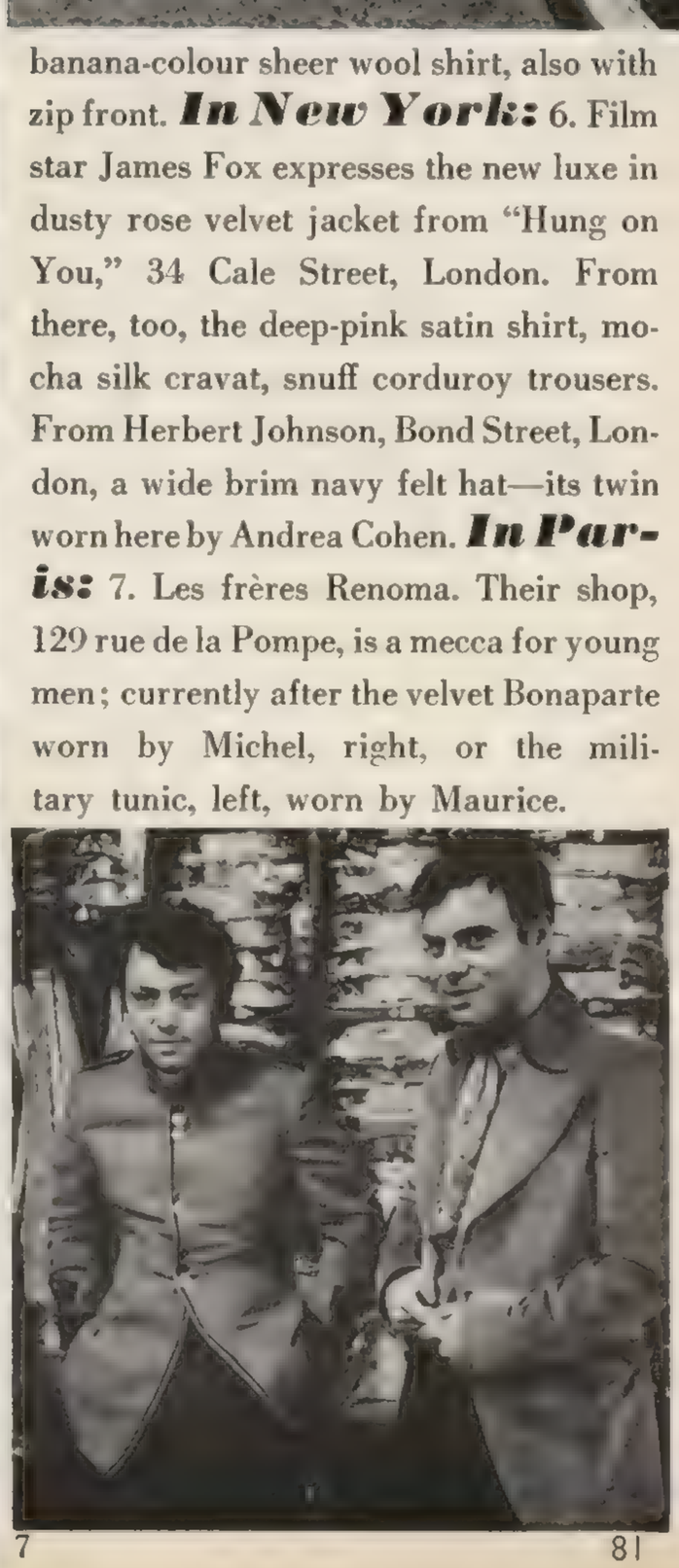




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JUNE, 1967

VOGUE's EYE VIEW



SUMMER IN THE CITY OF DREAMS—UDAIPUR

27 pages of fashion to make you look like a beauty. Photographed by Henry Clarke

In Udaipur, in the centre of India, white marble palaces float on steel-blue lakes; thick blankets of parrots stain the sky a brilliant green at sunset; "And when the Summer Heat is great,/And every hour intense,/The Moghra, with its subtle flowers,/Intoxicates the sense." . . . To this enchanted place—to a hotel that had, for centuries, been the summer palace of the Maharanas of Mewar; to suites with names like Lotus Palace and Palace of Colour and Palace of Happiness and Full-Moon Terrace—to this city of dreams, came the Vogue caravan bearing fashion for the whole world's summer: Henry Clarke, photographer. Christophe, coiffeur. Contessa Consuelo Crespi, entrepreneur extraordinary, who coped with this, dealt with that; pulled it all together, smooth as the lakes of Udaipur. And Samantha Jones and Simone d'Aillencourt, beauties who make the point on every page—namely, to look like a beauty anywhere on earth this summer, get out in the sun and into clothes that make you feel like a beauty—gay and languorous and cool as dawn. . . . *Above,* in an ancient brass "jula" swing chained with brass elephants and horses and heaped with bright silk pillows—organdie for a modern beauty: Lanvin's tailored white shirt with jewel-linked cuffs and embroidered bloomers held at the waist with black velvet ribbon. The coiffure—and all the coiffures on these pages—is by Christophe of the Carita Salon. Fashion details, on the last page of this issue.

Sun-mirage skin... chadar scarf and dhoti pants

Somehow the skin ought to reflect the sun. From the true source we all know about—a can of the new sun cheat at least makes golden warmth that's just like a month of more of the real thing. An illusion so complete you feel steeped in the marvellous languor of summer. Bare gleaming skin, circled here by flowing organza becomes a marble colonnade that throws open the Durbar Hall of Jag Mandir Palace to Lake Pichola's steel-blue waters. The source of this fabulous tan-on makeup is Revlon's Ultima II collection: under-makeup sunlight cream in Tint Apricot; cream foundation in Golden Under; Ultralucent lipstick in Pagoda Pink over Coral. Pyjamas by Pongees. Fashion details, last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





Tasselled hair...
flowered ankles...
cool colour, hot colour

Green linen, *above,* fresh as summer's first sprout and just as little—the better to scoot barefoot along Udaipur's fresco-walled streets. Dress, cut square to the sash in back, by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Stripes and flowers bright as sunset, *right,* ride bareback on one of the great stone elephants trumpeting across the waters of Jag Mandir Palace —wide rays slashed over fiery swirling petals. Silk crêpe evening pyjamas by Princess Luciana. Fashion details on the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





Burnished legs... hoods... bloomers

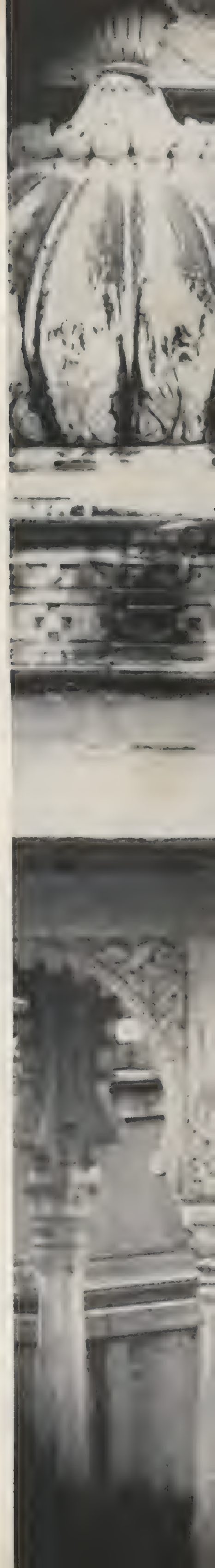
Heady swirls of colour, left, bare turquoise-serpentined skin to the golden sun slanting across a small sculptured balcony of Jag Mandir Palace. Hooded silk jersey chemise by Emilio Pucci. *Right,* torrid stripes ray out along the ledge of Udaipur's eleventh-century Sas Bahu—short bloomers, slashed sleeves beneath a coral-red torrent. Jersey shirt and bloomers by Guy D. *Below,* hooded sky-blue djellaba glimpsed against Udaipur sky at the portal of Sas Bahu. Lineny djellaba and shorts by Jean Louis. Fashion details on the last page of this issue.



Milk-white marble traceries... India-pink dresses

Near Udaipur, in the ancient, ruined city of Ahar, memorials of the early rulers of Mewar . . . crumbling, deserted except for ravens and the bands of Langur monkeys, black-faced, grey-maned; the Cenotaphs rising in tier on tier of delicate fluted columns, sculptured archways, fretworks and traceries of milk-white marble. . . . Among them, here, two short evening dresses in unpale shades of pink; hot, strong India-pink . . . marvellous with skin tanned honey-gold. *Left,* off-one-shoulder dress of bright-fuchsia silk crêpe; asymmetric scarf to drape in mysterious ways. By Christian Dior-New York. *Right,* candy-pink crêpe tent dress that can be belted —as here—with a crush of pink crêpe clasped in rhinestones. By Malcolm Starr. Fashion details on last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE







Lace and embroidery done in stonework—the elegant antiquity of the Cenotaphs of Ahar, an ancient city built on the site of an even more ancient city—Tambavati Nagari. The dresses here, short and bare-topped, to slip over skin that's glossy, pampered India-sunned. *Left,* like a caryatid among the columns, a dress of bright yellow silk crêpe with tennis-dress shape, the V-neck paved in glitter and bead embroidery. By Adele Simpson. *Right,* white crêpe, soft and cool as petals, with drawstring halter at the neck, a very bare U-cut back. By Teal Traina. Fashion details, last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE



Carved columns... clear sun-yellow,
white, for sun-sparked skin

Against sun-flooded frescoes in Udaipur, two perfect little sundresses cut out for summer and sun tan. *Left,* two hues of apricot linen—deeper around the hem—belted high, chopped short. By Joseph Pruzan. *Opposite,* a crisp lineny snip, chocolate-brown taped in white leather...cut out on the side, cut high on long sun-beiged legs. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Fashion details on the last page of this issue.

Sunlight... sunlegs...

sundresses lithe and lineny

HENRY CLARKE



Bright brief linen... sandalled legs, long and burnished

Rajput murals of caparisoned animals—vigorous, spirited; elephant striding, horse prancing—painted on the walls of Udaipur houses as a joyous addition to weddings or festivals. Just as spirited, the zingy little tunic-dresses, high-strapped sandals with shin masks like greaves...all, baring long expanses of healthy, burnished-gold skin. *Left*, short lineny dress in bold Rajput red—straight, belted; side pleats in the skirt, side buttons on top. By Laurence Gross. White linen tunic, *right*—brief, cool, clean-cut; side-zipped, side-slit over crisp white linen shorts to match. By Oscar de la Renta. Fashion details, last page of this issue.



HENRY CLARKE



Sunning on Jag Nivas's terrace, *above left,* a brace of linen playsuits, one pale mauve, one cornflower blue, both embroidered in white and baring lots of beige skin. By Delissa of the Jamaica Fashion Guild. *Centre left,* before the Royal Cenotaphs of Udaipur—a quick wraparound of pink silk, held snug at the waist by a soft crush of belt. By Chuck Howard of Townley. *Below left,* palace pyjamas—bowed white crêpe at Jag Nivas. By Malcolm Starr. *Right,* for riding elephants and other sunny pastimes—a little tie-tail shirt of navy voile bandana-printed red-and-white, lithe stretch of sun-gilded midriff, tiny navy bikini . . . the white stone elephant guards Jag Mandir Palace. Shirt by Ship 'n Shore. Fashion details, on the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE

For the sun set... languorous hours...

the leggiest looks



Sun-skin colours... smock... dirndl...giddy spill



Sun-tan jersey, *above,* to throw on over a sun tan—and the summer surprise of long white sleeves. Breezy little sun smock by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. *Left,* sun-orange flock-dots snugging bare shoulders, bouncing out from a wide green belt. Panelled dirndl dress, in cotton and rayon, by Oscar de la Renta. *Right,* sun mosaic of blue, yellow, and pink jersey—swirled arabesques slanting out from one shoulder, going wild to the knee. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Stone elephants stand guard at Lake Jaisamand's embankment where these pages were photographed. Fashion details, the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE



Amber knees...lotus feet...
evenings covered and bared

On the Maharana of Udaipur's marble dais, *above*, side-wrapped pink, violet, turquoise unfurls the whole delicious length of the leg. Just beyond, one of Jag Mandir Island's domed chhatris built in memory of past rulers. Silk crêpe evening dress, made to order by Arnold Scaasi. Caftan zigzag, *right*, painted with a child's bright hand—sensational contradiction of colour and cut reclining here in a black marble chhatri at Jag Mandir. By Livio de Simone. Fashion details on the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





At Jag Nivas Palace in Udaipur...a seraglio pyjama, *left*, in the purples of dawn—big morning glories with green leaves, tapestry-printed on black. By Donald Brooks. *Above right*, purple jersey—close to the grape-colour of the low chowki piled with brilliant pillows—for a dress with gathered fullness, swaying like beads from a high yoke. By Donald Brooks. *Below right*, a tent dress printed in pink-green-purple, a wide bias band at the hem. By Trigère. Fashion details, last page of this issue.

Purple shadows... face to the light

HENRY CLARKE



Mirror inlays on the walls of the Jag Nivas courtyard...reflecting a voluminous flame-swirl of poncho over jewel-cuffed pants, *left*, with a jewelled chain-mail mitt, a great bracelet. Costume by Emilio Pucci. *Above right*, a brilliant red-green-blue print for two–pyjamas with cutout top, low-flared legs, matching a man's sleeveless blouse to wear with a black beaded bolero, black pants. Both by Ken Scott; the jewels, of gilt-gold, pale flashes. *Below right*, harem pyjamas of airy white flashed with gold, very full and flowing from the shoulders. Here with a glittering slave-chain, a chain-mail mitt and hood. Pyjamas by Stavropoulos. Fashion details, last page of this issue.

Swirling colours,
chain-mail jewels...
reflections of
the fairest

HENRY CLARKE

Sunlight strikes–

the skin...the fashion that begins at dusk

Sunlight strikes Jag Nivas, the island palace, a jewel of white marble set in the centre of Lake Pichola high in the rugged mountains of Rajasthan, Abode of Kings. "He who drinks of the waters of Pichola Lake is fated to return to Udaipur." . . . *Above,* sunbeams swinging on an ancient jula—a delicious little high-waisted dress of crinkly Indian cotton appliquéd with white flowers. By Rudi Gernreich. *Right,* inner sanctum of a former maharana's pleasance—romantics linked by silver chain and mutual admiration. She wears a sunny-striped caftan clasped over bare skin and wide pants . . . he wears a short blue jibba slashed and sashed over sun-coloured pants. All by Ken Scott. Fashion details, the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The skin of the moon. . . . Secrets, which may be life-or-death discretion or global immorality, depending on who is not told. . . . George Balanchine's brilliant ballet "Jewels," which will open the New York City Ballet's summer session at Saratoga; especially the middle section to Stravinsky music, "Rubies," witty, vital, unpompous, classic, and altogether young. . . . The remarkable Chilean poet Pablo Neruda who, in his long poem *The Heights of Macchu Picchu,* just published in this country in translation, gives to this monument monumental words. . . . The prep-school cliques returning for vacation, talking their school cablese: one student body eats " 'zas" and " 'roons" to stay alive, and, given the chance, smokes only " 'gars."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The slide to soul music as the dancing thing, and the thing to dance now, the Shingaling. . . . Princess Radziwill, who, using her maiden name, Lee Bouvier, will open in Chicago in *The Philadelphia Story* this month, and the relish of hearing her give the Katharine Hepburn-branded phrase "Golly Moses" the new slant of her eager, intimate voice. . . . The gorgeous tease of the exhibition "In the Presence of Kings" at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, suggesting that, above all, royals shared a taste for superb, intricate detail. . . . *The Enlarged Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce, which adds to the 1911 collection of the late San Francisco journalistic hornet a dose of definitions, including: "LADY, *n.* A vulgarian's name for a woman. A Lieutenant-Governor of California and Warden of the State Prison once reported the number of prisoners under his care as '931 males and 27 ladies.' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Leslie Uggams, her pretty legs and rousing voice in the musical *Hallelujah, Baby!,* her way of driving a note to an almost painful sound before breaking it into sweet bits. . . . Infighting over the purposes of television—to educate or entertain—and Federal Communications Commissioner Lee Loevinger, who said, "Television is simply automated daydreaming," and then defended daydreaming from "the current cult of cultural protest: If it works then it must need fixing." . . . The stretch of vigour and grace in the exhibition "Masterpieces of Etruscan Art" at the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Ladislav Mnacko, the Czechoslovakian writer who has slashed out at Communist power-boys in his new novel, *The Taste of Power* (an excerpt translated this month in *Atlas* magazine), with a force stunning in Communist Europe but sounding in the United States like protest novels of the thirties. . . . Arnold J. Toynbee's book *Acquaintances,* gilded with English eccentrics including the famous Dr. Spooner, once Warden of New College, Oxford, whose tangled humour overshot the "spoonerisms" named for him; Toynbee remembered, "When my school-fellow Reginald Coupland was a scholar of New College, he was coming out of chapel one day when Dr. Spooner stopped him, to say: 'Mr. Coupland, you read the lessons very badly in chapel this morning.'—'But, Warden, it wasn't I who was reading them this morning.'—'Oh, I thought it wasn't,' said Dr. Spooner, and left. . . ."

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL, maximum mini-singers at the top of pop, who scorn gimmicks, protest, mod, and bang. If they had tonsures you'd take them for friars. Arthur Garfunkel, *near left,* with electrified blond hair and the slouch of spaghetti soft-sculpture, sings and arranges the songs that Paul Simon, *far left,* round, with black eyes and Roman fringe, writes, sings, and accompanies with a six- or twelve-string guitar. Each twenty-five years old, with three albums—*Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme; The Sounds of Silence; Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.*—and seven singles, they pull thousands—into New York's Philharmonic and London's Royal Albert Halls, into campus concerts from coast to coast. Musicmakers of Think, Simon and Garfunkel sing cool comment on alienation—"I Am a Rock"; on suicide—"A Most Peculiar Man"; on blocked communication—"The Dangling Conversation"; on people—"At the Zoo." New Yorkers, schoolmates who first teamed as Tom and Jerry, they split for college before remerging with their improbably pop surnames. "I feel dappled and drowsy," said Arthur Garfunkel who undrowsily studies between concerts and recordings for his doctorate in higher mathematics at Columbia. "I just let my mind wander," said Paul Simon whose ironic T.S. Eliotesque lyrics count as poetry in some academic forums. "We'll do something else when we get tired of pop. Art'll teach, I'll be in his class." Money? "That game is over." With sound-track songs for the new Mike Nichols film, *The Graduate,* dates for the Yale and Hollywood Bowls, a new Columbia LP, and the jangle of over six million sold disks, Simon and Garfunkel have hit The Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine.

AVEDON

where is the AVANT-

The avant-garde is a unique phenomenon. There was nothing like it, anywhere, before the middle of the nineteenth century. It arose in response to a threat and a challenge. The threat lay in the fact that the highest standards of art were being increasingly exposed to the attrition of a market no longer governed by the tastes of a cultivated élite. The challenge lay in the even more definite fact that high art was no longer able to maintain itself without innovation (or renovation) of a kind more constant and more radical-seeming than had been necessary in the four hundred years before. The avant-garde constituted itself in the persons of artists, writers, and composers who in effect protected their art from the market by innovations that made it too difficult to grasp at first for the educated—not to mention the uneducated—public.

Yet the difficulty has usually worn off with time, and as each succeeding phase of avant-garde art has receded into the past, the market has come round to it. This used not to affect the continuity of the avant-garde in a serious way. Its membership underwent a more or less steady turnover, and by the time one phase of avant-garde art was accepted the still more difficult art of the next phase would have emerged, and the cycle would start all over again. The tempo of this process of assimilation was not an even one, however: Sometimes it would speed up, at other times it would slacken.

To confine myself to painting: It took less time for Manet and the Impressionists to become "respectable" than it did the Post-Impressionists. The Impressionists were more or less accepted by the 1890's, twenty years after their breakthrough; Cézanne, Seurat, even Gauguin and Van Gogh became accepted by the larger art public only during the 1920's, which was the same time at which the Fauves were accepted and at which the Cubists were beginning to be. Yet the Post-Impressionists had had their breakthrough as far back as the 1880's, the Fauves only in the middle 1900's, and the Cubists but a few years after that. It can be seen that the tempo of assimilation, after slowing down between 1900 and 1920, speeded up again and to such an extent as to considerably close the gap between the art public and the avant-garde.

During the 1930's and most of the 1940's, however, there was another slowing down (the academically Surrealist painting of Dali's kind that became popular in those years was not fundamentally advanced painting). The next acceleration began around 1950, and there has been no slackening off, rather there has been a constant quickening since then in the rate at which the art public has assimilated avant-garde art; at the same time that public has grown enormously. So has the avant-garde. These two factors—the ever faster acceptance of avant-garde art and the growth of the more or less forward-looking art public along with that of the avant-garde—have brought about a change in the situation of the avant-garde that is more than just quantitative. As Marx says, there comes a point at which quantity changes into quality.

The continuing culture and art boom has had a lot to do with this. In this country as elsewhere (this particular boom is international; it started in Germany under the Weimar Republic right after World War I, and in England in the 1930's) the boom was generated by a revulsion against nineteenth-century, middlebrow stuffiness, and a good part of its meaning lies in the increasing attraction that educated younger people in general feel towards avant-garde art of all vintages. Writers like Joyce and Eliot, a composer like Stravinsky, artists like Picasso and Pollock have become culture heroes, and in the pages of *Newsweek* and *Time* not least of all. Poets like Robert Lowell and Allen Ginsberg enjoy the status of celebrities; so does an artist like Andy Warhol. Rearguard actions are still conducted, like that for Andrew Wyeth; and it's not that his art is without real merits, or that he doesn't outsell almost any avant-garde painter in this country; yet he simply can not be made to *count;* no one responsible would dream of sending art like his abroad to represent this country at the Venice Biennale or the São Paulo Bienal. Artistic prestige—public prestige—lies elsewhere nowadays.

From all this it would look as though the educated public had not only assimilated the avant-garde past but that it had also caught up with the avant-garde present. It would look, too, as though the avant-garde in the present had become what it never was before, not even in Paris: a body of people and an area of activity that society at large accepted in an almost institutional way. And it is a fact that joining up with the avant-garde becomes less and less an adventurous, self-isolating step, and more and more a routine, expected one.

Twenty years ago there were very, very few authentically avant-garde painters and sculptors in New York. Today there are thousands of them, and thousands more all over the country—painters and sculptors whose postures and attitudes seem those of authentically avant-garde artists. Whether they are or are not authentically authentic can be told only from their art. The identity, the authentic identity, of the avant-garde has consisted from the first in devotion to standards, to the highest level of achievement, regardless of non-artistic consequences. Till now only a very few artists and connoisseurs in any generation have been able to reach this level where it stood in the given moment. And not many more have been able to catch a glimpse of it.

If an appreciable proportion of the great number of new recruits to the avant-garde in latter years are genuinely what they pretend to be, then the result would be a vast increase in the amount of original high

By Clement Greenberg

AVANT-GARDE ?

art now being produced. Yet as it looks to me, the run of nominally avant-garde painting and sculpture today, whether in this country or elsewhere, can not compare in frequency of original, ambitious, and excelling work with what it was twenty years ago, when so very much less avant-garde art in general, authentic and spurious, was being made. To all appearances, there has been a falling off, not a gain.

Ninety per cent or more of the mass of recruits to the painting avant-garde in the 1950's were recruits to Abstract Expressionism, then the dominant avant-garde style all over the world (in France it was called *tachisme* and *art informel*). Abstract Expressionism was unique among avant-garde styles in that it attracted crowds of artists and admirers while it was still a going, not quite superannuated style. This is explained in good part by the fact that Abstract Expressionism took such a long time to die and that, while it was dying, it became increasingly stereotyped, thus easier both to imitate and to appreciate. Both the popularity and the badness of Abstract Expressionism in its terminal stage created the conditions for what happened in and to the kind of art that in the 1960's replaced it in the foreground of attention. Pop Art caught on with a public that had been created by Abstract Expressionism, and it caught on faster than any avant-garde style ever had before. All the other versions of Novelty art in the 1960's—Assemblage, Op, Environment, Neo-Realism, Erotic, et cetera—have caught on nearly as fast if not on as broad a front. No matter: Both the scale on which and the speed with which these kinds of avant-garde art have won acceptance from the art public are unexampled.

Rather, they would be unexampled if Pop, Op, and the rest of Novelty art actually were avant-garde art. But they turn out to be rather easy stuff, familiar and reassuring under all the ostensibly challenging novelties of staging—much closer to the middlebrow than to the highbrow, genuinely avant-garde thing. Nowadays every art student can handle, and every steady gallery-goer can savour, academic Cubist design. Abstract Expressionism in its throes handed it on to Pop Art. Despite all the conspicuous but unessential appearances to the contrary, the academic Cubist way of fitting everything into an imaginary grid and pinning down the corners of a literal or imaginary rectangle provides the felt basis of Pop and all the other kinds of Novelty art, whether in two or three dimensions. The pictorial sensibility that is satisfied by the stereotypes of de Kooning's school finds nothing really new enough in this art to tax it—least of all in its "literature."

Novelty art may be avant-garde in its allure, its come-on, in the style of its announced ideas, but it is not nearly venturesome enough to qualify as avant-garde art in its actual substance and quality. The speed with which the various forms of Novelty art have gone over (including even that latest and most sophisticated form known as Minimal art or Primary Structures) is no more unexampled, really, than the speed with which a previous form of middlebrow art, American Scene painting, went over in the 1930's (and Grant Wood was better than any Pop artist with the exception of the proto-Pop Jasper Johns).

What is new is that the larger art public now wants, and knows that it wants, contemporary art that looks like avant-garde art, that can be accepted as that and talked about as that. The art public is at last convinced that the most advanced art of the moment is the most enduring art of the moment. But it is only a little quicker than before to recognize genuinely advanced art when it first appears (it took Pollock ten years before he really began to sell; it took Morris Louis six or seven years). The public still has to wait until advanced art recedes into the past. In the meantime it is all the readier, all the more eager, to seize upon the emblems, tokens, signs, and stigmata of what it already knows and expects as advanced art. And the hypertrophied avant-garde is equally ready, in all sincerity, to provide these emblems and tokens: that is, art which is new and advanced in everything but substance; art that is "hard" and "difficult" only on the outside, but whose inside is soft.

The hypertrophy of the avant-garde is what I think is really new and unprecedented (not even precedented in Paris in the 1920's, when a lot of geese were taken for avant-garde swans). Almost always, a discipline that receives a great and sudden influx of newcomers has to submit, at least at first, to a lowering of its standards. The avant-garde, as I have said, is constituted by the highness of its standards, which depend on distance from those of society at large.

Now this distance seems to be narrowing, to the point where the survival and continuity of avant-garde standards—and thus of high art itself—are more threatened than at any time, apparently, since the avant-garde began. To put it differently: The avant-garde would seem to have proven, finally, just as unable to protect itself from the infiltration of the middlebrow as every other department of culture in our society (excluding the sciences) has been. And the middlebrow, not the lowbrow, has always been the avant-garde's most formidable enemy.

One may still be too close to this situation to be sure that it is as final and gloomy as I may have made it look. The genuine avant-garde still survives here and there, as an avant-garde within an avant-garde. A handful of painters and sculptors between the ages of thirty-five and fifty still produce high art, in this country and elsewhere. It will take a while before it can be known definitely whether there are younger artists coming up who will be able to take over (Continued on page 167)

THE BRAVE AND THE BEAUTIFUL

THE DANGER-STRUCK LIFE OF A MAGNIFICENT BULLFIGHTER, JAIME OSTOS, AND HIS RAVISHING, COURAGEOUS WIFE

BY ROBERT DALEY

The life of a popular bullfighter is not like your life or mine. Note these scenes from the life of Jaime Ostos, who is now thirty-four years old and who, for the past eleven seasons, has moved in the company of the half dozen most highly paid matadors in the world.

Scene One: Pamplona, July, five-thirty in the afternoon. Ostos doffs his montera to toast this next bull to the mob. The sun glints on his shoulders and comes off the sand as a blinding glare. It is very hot besides. Ostos stands a few feet out from the fence gazing up at the mob and making a little speech no one can hear. The bull is far across the arena and looking the other way. The mob, as always at Pamplona during a fiesta, is largely drunk. Men are on their feet cheering Ostos, shouting down praises of his art, his virility. They wave hats at him, bugles, bottles, sandwiches. Ostos looks up into a sea of movement, and the noise is stupendous.

Across the ring the bull turns and notices Ostos. It begins to lumber toward him, and then it is galloping. Ostos has his back to it, and he has not quite finished the little speech no one can hear. The mob begins to scream, to gesticulate wildly: Look out! (Continued on page 118)

THE OSTOS IMAGE: *Jaime Ostos,* this page, *preparing for a bullfight in Algeciras, and,* opposite, *with his wife, Maria Consuelo Alcalá de Ostos, who has the rounded face, exquisitely arched nose, and heartbreak eyes of an Andalusian beauty. He, in a pale-blue "suit of lights," she in evening glitter and rose velvet: visible splendour to clothe their invisible stamina, spirit, and grit.*

HENRY CLARKE



THE BRAVE AND THE BEAUTIFUL



HENRY CLARKE

SEÑORA OSTOS, THE BULLFIGHTER'S WIFE, *twenty-two, quiet, almost shy, with hazel eyes and thick straight black hair, is a flame of force to her husband and their two young children.*

Left: *Wearing classic* traje corto, *Sra. Ostos riding one of the Lipizzaner stallions of Angel Peralta, a friend and Spain's most famous* rejoneador, *bullfighter on horseback.*

Right: *Sra. Ostos in flamenco costume, dancing for friends.*





THE BRAVE AND THE BEAUTIFUL (Cont. from page 114)

But to Ostos it is all the same noise and movement as before, and he needs a moment longer to bring the speech to its conclusion.

The bull, which weighs eleven hundred pounds, slams at a full gallop into Ostos. He goes up in the air and over the fence and crashes down face first on the cement floor of the passageway between the fence and the stands.

The next morning I chance to run into him in a café.

"Ola, Jaime, qué tal?"

He wears enormous dark glasses. Nonetheless I see that his entire face is puffy and discoloured.

He is nearly six feet tall, but his voice as always is thin and high-pitched. He speaks Spanish with the blurred d's of the Andalusian accent.

"Look at this," he says. He peels up his shirt. One rib seems to protrude half an inch from under his arm all the way to his breastbone. He is not looking for sympathy. The rib is a curiosity, nothing more. So is his face. His chauffeur is waiting with his car in the street, and in five minutes he leaves to drive to Barcelona where he will fight the next day.

Scene Two: The season is over. In a Madrid restaurant, sixty aficionados meet to do homage to Jaime Ostos. There are speeches and toasts. It is well past midnight before Ostos rises to call his audience "the fine flower of Spanish afición." He thanks his listeners for their cheers all season and the honour they do him this night.

The president of the Jaime Ostos fan club then presents the matador with a hand-worked, gold-inlaid shotgun, embraces him and kisses him on both cheeks.

This banquet, like most such banquets, has been organized by the matador's manager for publicity purposes, and is being paid for by the matador. When it is over, Ostos finds that his "admirers" have wolfed down three hundred dollars' worth of food. The shotgun did not come cheap either, and now he must pay for ads in the bullfight period- (Continued on page 163)



THE OSTOS FAMILY, AND PLAY DAYS. Right: *Sra. Ostos with Maria Gabriela, who is four, and small Jaime, two, at a picnic, complete with donkey and a baby kid, under orange trees in the country near Seville.* Above: *Jaime Ostos fighting at a small* festival *fight in Algeciras. At these informal bull fights* (traje corto *is worn rather than the glittering* traje de luces) *fighters accept little risk. Considered not dangerous, these are the only fights at which Sra. Ostos watches her husband, too often too brave.*

HENRY CLARKE



A DOCTOR EXPLODES SOME "HEALTH-

"Rubbish!" . . . "Nonsense!" . . . "Where in the world did you get that idea?" . . . It is with a certain briskness, you might say, that Dr. Fredrick Stare, head of the Department of Nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health, dismantles many of the food myths you may know and love, and perhaps may choose to hug to death. Health-food myths such as these:

The notion that escarole clears the complexion. That a day of nothing but fruit juices is a day of beauty. That raw milk is better for your health than pasteurized milk. That honey is nutritionally superior to sugar. That an enriched white bread is nutritionally inferior to bread of the tweedier type. That sea salt is better for you than iodized salt. That sulphur dioxide used in the preservation of dried fruits leaves a residue of poison. That grapefruit shrinks your stomach. That nobody, with the exception of children, can benefit from fluoridation of drinking water. That bottled mineral water is more constructive than tap water. That "organically" grown foods are richer in nutrients than foods grown on the farms that feed supermarkets. That a beef tea simmered from beef marrow and lean meat wields more nutritive power than a bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water. That your need for vitamins is greater in the winter than in the summer. That liver makes your hair shine. That heavy doses of vitamin B complex will keep your hair from greying. That butter or margarine is needed for internal lubrication of your joints. That as supplements to diet, natural vitamins are better than synthetic vitamins. That raw oysters stimulate sexual potency. That the nutrients in food evaporate dramatically as food ages in marketplace or kitchen, especially in the case of fruit juice that's been around the refrigerator for a day or night. That vegetarianism is a path to sound nutrition and long life. That a daily hippety-hop to the health-food shop for a glass of pure fresh-squeezed carrot juice is going to help your eyesight and brighten your outlook for good looks. . . .

All these notions have one thing in common. According to the views held by Harvard's Department of Nutrition, they are untrue.

Put through the mill of biochemical, clinical, scientific testing, with all the apparati science can provide—including authentic, credentials-bearing scientists—these, and many like beliefs, emerge in disarray. Are scientifically false.

False and dangerous in some cases. False and harmless in other cases. False—and bitterly disappointing to find listed on the myth index, if you happen to have gone out of your way to implement any of them. Ever have spent an entire morning combing the Hamptons for the last fresh-picked lettuce of the season; ever bothered to grow your own broccoli to protect the vitamin C it might lose on the way to market; ever simmered beef marrow for hours to nourish a wan child; ever rushed stone-ground wheat flour to your kitchen and made bread with your own hands. . . . *Terribly* disappointing. But, paradoxically, not entirely indefensible, according to Dr. Stare.

Because while none of the myths has a leg to stand on in light of the scientific findings, quite a few can justify their existences on other counts. On the grounds of what you might consider a superior flavour, for one thing (which Dr. Stare agrees matters). On the grounds of beneficial psychological side effects, for another.

For example, if it is with greater joy and greater care that a woman constructs a menu based on ornate nutritional nonsense, but in the course of this effort becomes generally more health-conscious (exercises more; gives up smoking; investigates exotic vegetables), what's wrong with that? Nothing, Dr. Stare feels —as long as the diet isn't too lopsided. (He is a big man for variety, variety, variety in the menu department.) As for the hard-core food-faddist, the creature who bounds out of the health-food shop in a state of exultation—gluten bread, rose-hip syrup, brewer's yeast in shopping bag; squeezed assorted greens cheerfully awash in his digestive tract—he's happy. And that's good. Confident he's doing something constructive for his health, he is upbeat psychologically. He is certain he's moving in a sound direction toward the "terrain of health." How much bearing does Dr. Stare feel this might have on *actual* health?

"Doing something positive about one's health, even if it takes the form of nutritional crackpotism, could be helpful in warding off the vague malaises. Enthusiasm and belief are of real value."

But what about bona-fide disease? Does Dr. Stare feel that a psyche nourished by an intense belief in fad foods—a psyche thus in the grip of what is, for that one individual, a "positive" state of mental health—could actually convert those foods and that belief into protection against disease? How far can the psychosomatic implications be stretched?

"Not that far," is Dr. Stare's view. "Nutrition makes a clear distinction between psychological values and physiological values in this situation. But the woods are full of white-coated quacks in nature-food stores who will prescribe for any disorder, any disease."

Dr. Stare ought to know. He gets their stories on the rebound; is sent their claims, in slightly used or bemused condition, through the mails.

Of the more than five hundred letters logged into his Boston office each week, many are genuine pleas for fact: Do adults need

FOOD" MYTHS

An interview with Dr. Fredrick Stare, M.D., Chairman of Harvard's Department of Nutrition

BY CAROL PHILLIPS

milk? ("Yes, almost any adult can improve his nutrition with two glasses of milk a day. Skimmed milk or 2% milk if there's an overweight problem.") What about eggs? ("Two visible eggs a week are enough for the average adult—the high cholesterol content in yolks has made the daily egg suspect.") How little breakfast can one get away with, and still maintain health? ("Breakfast is vital. But it needn't be standard. A broiled hamburger or a cheese sandwich would give you good protein; so would fish. That, and some fruit, fine. Cereal, in the form of bread or 'cereal.' Milk with, or in addition to, your coffee.") Do women need more iron than men do? ("Yes, because of menstruation.") What can I eat to improve my skin? ("You can't have healthy skin or healthy anything without good nutrition. All body tissues require good nutrition. But there is *no single nutrient* that plays any unusual rôle in the health of a single tissue. Except for fluoride in the health of teeth and bones, and iron for the formation of hemoglobin, there is no single nutrient that performs an isolated essential physiological task.") What about liquor in nutrition? ("If you're watching your weight and have a calorie quota, the calories in liquor presumably would come out of your food quota. When that's the case, you have to be especially careful about your nutrition; see that it has variety. It would be pretty hard to drink a lot of alcoholic beverages, be a vegetarian, and also have good health.") What is the simplest formula for good nutrition? ("Eat a *variety* of foods. Eat at least three times a day. Eat everything, but in moderate, scaled-down portions if you're overweight. No reason not to include potatoes or sugar or bread or butter or anything—just as long as there's not too much of anything.") . . .

But beyond the straightforward questions put to Dr. Stare, there is a body of mail that reflects the thinking of cranks and supercranks. Chronic in the complaint department is the suspicion that the food giants have depleted the richness of the nation's soil. And Now They're Going To Destroy You.

Dr. Stare's answer: "If you made a comparison between a carrot grown in organically fertilized soil, and a supermarket carrot grown on a big truck farm, and a third carrot, a measly little thing that popped up for no reason in a crack in a cement parking lot—you'd find that ounce for ounce, they'd be nutritional equals. Poor soil affects yield, the amount and size of the produce, but *not* the nutritive value in terms of vitamins, proteins, fats, or carbohydrates."

What about pesticides? ask a frightened lot of letter-writers. "I do not know of one single documented case of ill health, not even of stomachache, that has been caused by the residue of insecticides, pesticides, or chemicals on food," is Dr. Stare's statement. "There are about one hundred and fifty deaths a year from insecticides, but these have resulted from children's playing house with them and drinking them, or from persons whose profession is spraying orchards eight hours a day and failing to take proper precautions personally."

How does he answer the batch of mail that asks where Rachel Carson's theories stand in Dr. Stare's opinion? "I have said this in print; I'll say it again. I believe she made an imaginative mountain out of what is in fact a very small molehill. Without pesticides our food supply would be in poor shape and the price of food would be prohibitive."

How does Dr. Stare feel about chemical preservatives in foods? "Preservatives are carefully tested for toxicity; they can not be used unless they are found safe. The maddening thing about the accusation that preservatives as used commercially are poison, which indeed they are not, is this: if it weren't for preservatives, much of this country would be without the daily variety of foods necessary to good nutrition."

What about the claim that nutrients are lost unless the food is fresh as dawn? "For some people, the fresher the food, the better it tastes, no question. But as it ages, few if any nutrients are lost, and only to a minor extent. Nothing that can't be made up in the course of a day that includes at least three meals in which a broad variety of food figures."

And finally, from the nature-food zealot, there is the inevitable query about supplementary vitamins. Of *course* Dr. Stare agrees that natural vitamins are superior to synthetic vitamins? "Of course I *don't* agree. That's rubbish. But if people are going to go ahead and take supplementary vitamins, which apparently they like to do, I wish they'd buy the brands put out by pharmaceutical houses that do the research that made the supplementary vitamins possible. Some of those companies spend fortunes in research, then a little fly-by-night operator comes along, cashes in, and puts nothing back into research."

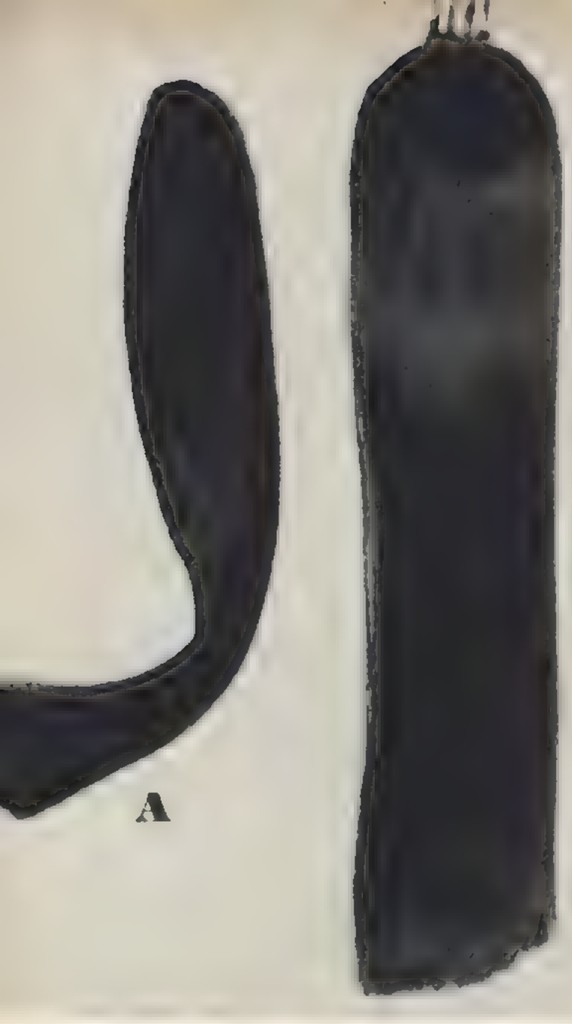
But apart from the mail from the highly-conditioned nature-food recruit, there's a third category of mail addressed to Dr. Stare. It is from the antagonistic zealot who suspects the medical profession of "trying to keep the nation in bad nutritional habits so that doctors can keep up a busy practice." What about this correspondent? "This same person probably suspects surgeons of having a personal financial interest in the cat-gut industry. But the arresting aspect of this question, which comes up pretty often, is that most of the nut-notions were planted in the heads of these misguided people by so-called nutritionists who *have* had something to sell." . . .

(Continued on page 174)

CONTESSA CONSUELO CRESPI— THE MARVELLOUS COIFFURE SHE DOES HERSELF WITH THREE HAIRPIECES

Step-by-step explanation on the next two pages.

FEDERICO



1



2



3



4



5



THE CONTESSA'S COIFFURE—PLANS IN DETAIL

One page back, Contessa Consuelo Crespi wears an enchanting, Japanese-oriented coiffure, done with hairpieces. Here, the doing, and it's all managed expertly by the Contessa herself when she jets out of reach of the patient Roman hairdresser who taught her. Starting at the top: **1.** The three hairpieces—Hairpiece A, optional, as you'll see. Hairpiece B, thick and long; C, shorter and smaller. **2.** Hair is divided into four sections: Top front, parted in a deep U at the temples, brushed forward and up. The two sides, parted a little behind the ears, brushed out. (All three sections, clipped for now.) Back section is brushed up, held close to the skull with a rubber band. **3.** Sides gently teased, wrapped smoothly to back, anchored with pins. Hairpiece B, the big one, is attached by its comb just above the rubber band. **4.** The Contessa divides the top-front section with a side-to-side part. **5.** Hairpiece C, the small one, is tucked into the part—the hairpiece and own-hair slightly teased for more height; the very-front section brushed and smoothed back over hairpiece. (The whole secret here: sleekness—hair like satin ribbon, brushed, sprayed, curved, slicked.) Now: the whole top section, with Hairpiece C enclosed, is pulled back and looped under, then pinned in place at top of lower hairpiece. **6.** Lower hairpiece—sleeked and smooth—is lifted, folded under to form the second, and larger, loop; ends pinned in place high on the nape of the neck. All finished now but for a spot of concealment necessary where pins fasten Hairpiece C. Here, the option comes in—either a ribbon bow, as shown on previous pages, or Hairpiece A, a fairly long and narrow one. In picture **7,** this hairpiece is threaded under the top loop, with ends brought down at the sides and attached under cover of the large hairpiece, B.

BEAUTY *bulletin*

TRENDS TO COUNT ON THIS SUMMER

"All right," said a longtime acquaintance, presenting herself to our startled eyes at the hairdresser's one recent midday, "Look, I'm In—and I'm ugly as sin." . . . Hair shorn smartly as a newborn baby's; thick, chic sideburns pointing out a pair of somewhat widish jowls; chalk-white stockings making unmissable a pair of legs never meant for stardom—she was, in truth, a sight. Not only a sight; a sound. A-glint and a-clank at shoe, waist, and handbag were yards of chain. . . . In reply to the flash of fury that shot its way down hair-dryer row where we sat entrapped, we could only murmur to this essentially pretty woman: "Baby, you kept the faith too well." . . .

She had. Nobody ever said anyone was meant to be a *mass* of trends. Nobody said trends were to be swallowed whole. With that tremulous forewarning, we list some summer beauty trends coming on—some of which, you'll notice, are in obvious conflict with each other. (Meaning: There's More Than One Look.) We hope you'll also notice *beauty in general is going far from freaky*. Which is the way to go, when clothes make power plays. . . .

There's a move toward warmer, tanner makeup. Naturally. To gold in makeup (see next page). To bodies gleamed with care (newest polish in sight is Germaine Monteil's *pearled* arm and leg lotion). To more transparent ways to get colour on cheekbones and face-edges (Eve of Rome's new Tiber Touch does this; so does the clear-as-water blusher in Helena Rubinstein's Lightworks). Trend to much more luminosity (if you haven't met Revlon's Blushing Silk, do; see how silky luminosity can be). To toenails lacquered in fluorescence (Cutex doing). . . .

There's a trend to highly organized makeup sequences. Some involve next to no makeup at all (the Erno Laszlo preparations, in which face powder is the makeup, period). Some have every makeup move figured out for you (Estée Lauder does this, look by look). And some sequences have more brushes than Fuller (Mary Quant's for example. Even her freckles go on by brush—golden-brown cake shadow, stippled over nose-bridge, under eyes). . . .

If the trend-list at right leaves you hanging as to who makes what, know this: Shiseido, Max Factor, and Helen Rubinstein have shiny eyeliners. Tourneur's new Frivolash is built on an easy-to-apply base. Evelyn Marshall's quick-sticking fake-eyelash glue does everything but take you by the hand to Saks Fifth Avenue to buy it. Kenneth has one of the best short wigs in wigdom all ready in his wig-room (base is so light you can't believe you have the thing on). Setsation is the magic word in a mini-permanent; body built in minutes, not hours. . . .

If you're hung up about whether to have your hair cut short or not, think of it this way. If short, has to be very short, no compromise; have a thick nape-fringe cut like transplanted bangs. But if you're not ready for shortness, there's this: the great head of hair pieced out at back and sides, tied or seamed somewhere with more hair. Flawless. Romantic. Feminine. And, in certain circles, so boring the eyes glaze over whenever another of these magnificences enters the room. If you've had enough of the look but love it anyway, de-conventionalize it. Try sleekery (see pages 122 to 125). Or do the newest thing: at each side, have a chin-length sidepiece cut. Puts long hair—and your face—in a whole new framework. . . .

We are a camera. Girl on the facing page is a poster. The trend to accent-lipsticks is what she's here to announce. The *odd* colour that illuminates whatever you're wearing. With a Chinese green dress, a grape-iris lipstick. With pink, a peach-gold mouth. With yellow, a lipstick that might combine marigold and rosy pink. From DuBarry's newest collection of Glissando lipsticks (the lipstick devised to mix a swirl of shades *within* the stick itself), these effects emerge. Creamier in formula, newly gleamed, the lot. Iris #57 is grapiest. Apricot #53, pure sun.

Trend: golden faces, beiger bodies, all skin toned and enriched

Trend: small, winsome haircuts barbered with bangs at the nape

Trend: gold replacing silver highlighters in makeup

Trend: accent lipsticks, lilac, apricot, gold

Trend: hair streaked with fine glints instead of tiger stripes

Trend: "Day-Glo" lacquers for toenails

Trend: more powderings of more freckles—nose-bridge; under eyes

Trend: yellow eyelids, sunned skin, transparent blushers—face bare otherwise

Trend: Japanese sleekery for long hair, long hairpieces

Trend: shiny eye liners

Trend: body makeups in two forms—clear or quite covering

Trend: hairpieces, wigs, on more wearable bases

Trend: fake eyelashes in more wearable ways

Trend: body building for hair with fast mini-permanent waves

Anti-trend trend: faces "refined" with thick coating of face powder

HORST



BEAUTY
bulletin

More summer trends to take or leave. Question of how you see your summer; how you want summer to see you. . . . Gold eyeshadow, below. This is avanti. An accomplishment. First new gold eyeshadow to come along in the going-gold season. First gold eyeshadow to stay as gold as this in the wearing. Called Florentine Golden Glistener, it's from Marcella Borghese; goes anywhere you like (we like the eyelid kept bare). When to wear? Night and day. Especially day, in a thin, fine film. With? Sheer gold stockings, gold lizard shoes, white flannel dress. Part of a new collection called Florentine Gold, in which there's a new facial highlighter (lightly gilt); new foundations (most sun-touched, Umber). Body gleamed, at right: Besides the little dress and the lots of jewellery, she's wearing something she borrowed, something bronze. It's Braggi Face Bronzer, a man's grooming aid by Charles Revson, that put the colour on her arms, legs, shoulders, throat, and face. Dress by Mollie Parnis in Orceyre silk and rayon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. All the golden cork jewellery is by Sant Angelo.

**Trend:
bodies gleamed—
the iced tan cometh**

**Trend: gold
eye shadow for day
in sheer, fan-shaped
pattern—
lid itself bare**



Architectural sunglasses, above. Look (and you can—the seeing's fine in these sunglasses) : the lens is the frame, the frame is the lens, the day of architectured sunglasses has dawned. Day may also come when prescription lenses can be ground this way. . . . Lightweight Lexan is the plastic, a thermoplastic by General Electric so tough you can't shatter the specs if you jump on them. By Optico, in a batch of colours at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.

Trend: sunglasses in architectural materials; Lexan eye-domes designed by an architect



THE PRETTIEST FIGURES IN PRINT

JUNE PAYOFF—BATHING SUITS FOR THE GIRL WHO'S IN SHAPE FOR SUMMER

Cholee-bikini, left: top like the brief little blouses worn under saris, and a smidge of bikini—vivid India pink blazed with yellow. By Cole of California, of Du Pont nylon and spandex (Rosenstein fabric). About $26. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

Swim-tunic, right: a mad splash of mauve, turquoise, and purple that ties on the shoulders, reverses to purple, over a matching turnabout brief. By Cole of California, of Antron nylon (S. Edward print). Tunic and brief, about $28. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Bullock's-Wilshire.

NORMAN PARKINSON



LEAN AND RACY—THE PRETTIEST FIGURES TAKE TO WATER IN CLEAR SUN-SPLASHED PRINTS

Towelling to get wet in, above: a snug little maillot of chalk-white elasticized terry cloth printed in navy blue, deeply V'd front and back. By Jantzen, of cotton. About $19. At Stern Brothers. Flower of the sea . . . and flowers for cover, right and far right: a blooming black-and-white bikini tied on the hipbone. And, further on, its matching beach cover, a long-sleeved pull to the top of the legs—great proportion for showing off the longest, sunniest, raciest legs on the beach. Bikini, of Du Pont nylon, about $18; Ban-Lon beach cover of Du Pont nylon, about $14. The costume by Catalina. Both at Altman's; Halle Bros.; Bullock's, Pasadena, available at the beginning of July.

NORMAN PARKINSON





NEW EVENING

HITS

GO LONG, GO
SHORT, GO NOW

And they're just what any man goes for—a marvellously seductive prettiness that is American designer George Halley's irresistible way with a dress. Blue-and-white and Empire, left: a sensational print trellised from a bare little bodice to the ankle—nothing prettier on the first summer evening in town. Dinner dress and white organdie stole by George Halley; silk print by William Bell. Earrings by K.J.L. All, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Black organza and rhinestone daisies, opposite: transparent yards of both flicking out from a tiny yoke to a hem deep in dazzle. By George Halley, in silk. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Stanley Hagler earrings. Bonnie Doon stockings. Both coiffures: Maury of Kenneth.

PENN





HIT KNITS

GO TOWN, GO JUNE, GO ALL YEAR ROUND

Coats off to the knit dress, out from under wraps and going great on its own; you're a hit in these any month of the twelve, but the fun's starting now—in town, in June, on these eight pages. The red knit with plenty of zip, left: it's all to one side down a tube-necked dress brighter than bright. By Rona, in Lebanon wool, knitted in America. About $10. Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Capri bracelets, Vendôme earrings at Lord & Taylor. Stockings by Adler. The pink-and-white knit that stripes up the bands, right, playing it cool on navy knit—tabbed T-shirt and box-pleated skirt. Both wool, both by Gino Paoli. About $90. Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Mimi di N earrings. Old England watch. Knee socks by Givenchy for Chadbourn Gotham. Coiffures: Maury of Kenneth.

PENN



HIT KNITS

Go knit, go check, go stripe—that's the pattern fun follows. Go black-and-white checks, near right, and go great all day—these checks play the sweater bit against check-bordered black. Wool knit dress (and coat not shown) by Couture Imports. About $110. Lord & Taylor; Bramson; Joseph Magnin. K.J.L. bracelets: Lord & Taylor. House of Joy belts. Ban-Lon stockings by Adler. Go Roman jump-stripes, centre right, and set the town jumping—these are wide ones and skinny ones straight down to the shoe. Purple-orange-brown wool mark jumpsuit (and jacket not shown) by Goldworm. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Old England watch. Chain link belt by Saint Laurent for Colony. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Go green-and-red snug-stripes, far right, and you're off on a June walk—these pair off as pants circling snug on the thigh. Wool knit pant-dress (and coat not shown) by Don Simonelli for S.T.J.; knitted in America. About $100. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ben King watch. Calderon belt. Knee socks: Givenchy for Chadbourn Gotham. All coiffures by Maury of Kenneth.



PENN



Is it true knits have more fun? Looks like these do—it's all that easy dash. Nothing to stop it. Now. The year round. Grass-green dress, left, and the fun is it's knit, brass-flashed with buttons and a link belt. Damon; about $85. Best & Co.; Halle Bros.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Famous-Barr. Flemming earrings. Adler stockings. Lots of mini-ribbing, right, racing straight down the top and what there is of the skirt. Heather-grey wool, stitched top and bottom in charcoal, by Joan Knits; junior sizes. About $40. Lord & Taylor; Harold's; The May Co., Wilshire. Vendôme watch, at Lord & Taylor. House of Joy belt. Christian Dior knee socks. White crochet scallops, far right, fresher than petticoat frills on a stretch of white knit brief as any chemise. Wool tunic-length overblouse (and skirt not shown) by Cadillac. About $90. Tailored Woman; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings by Anne Jewelry. Elegant belt. Adler stockings. Shoes by Seducta at Lord & Taylor. You add the pompons. All three coiffures on this page: Maury of Kenneth.

HIT KNITS

PENN

HIT KNITS: THE GEOMETRIC JERSEYS

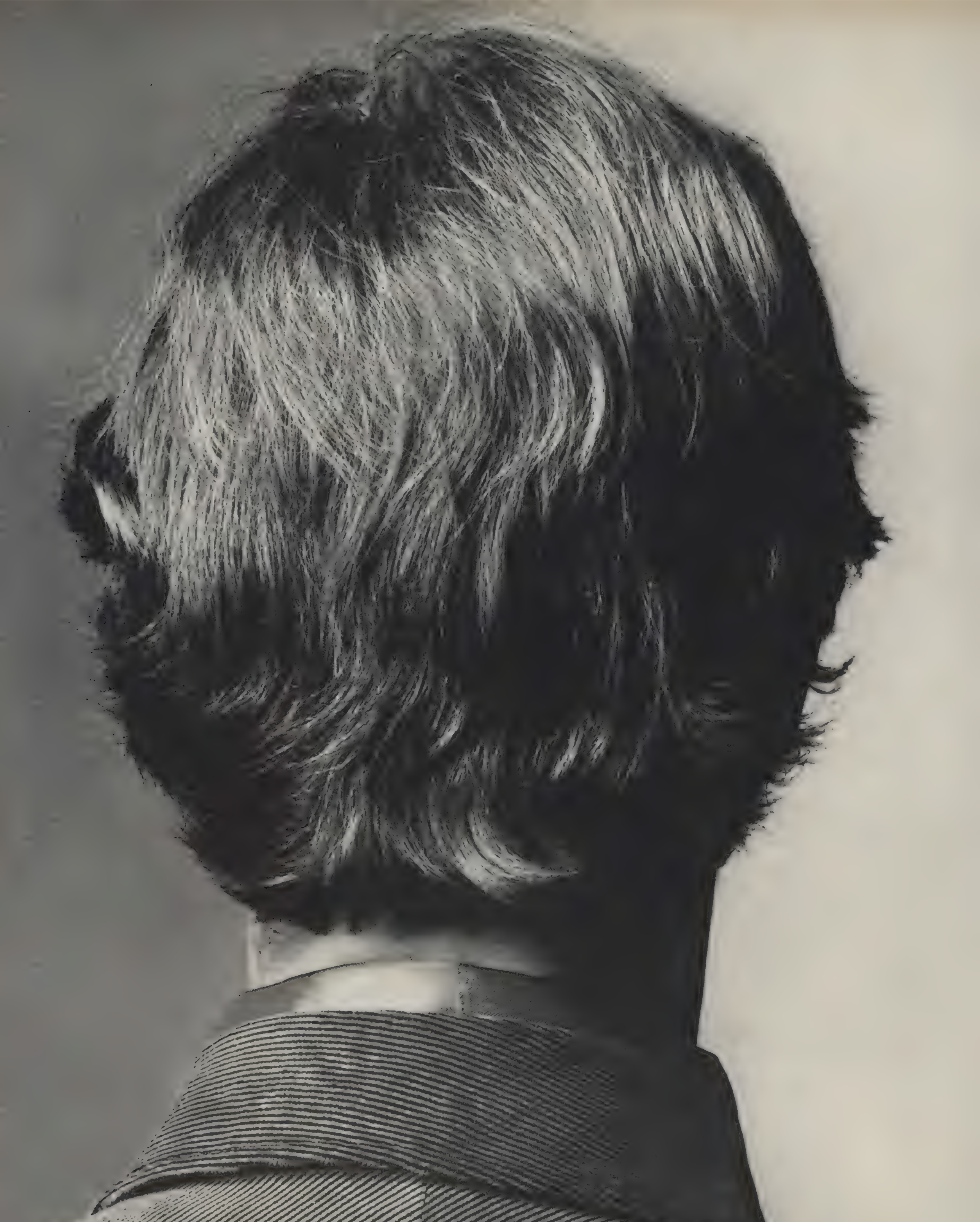
No question of hit-or-miss here—these little jerseys are going to town...one for day, the other for dinner, two smash hits in bright brown and white. Squared everywhere, left: square armholes, square white yoke, square white hem, and bright brown in between looped and linked in gilt. Vogue Pattern 1787. Gilt chain belt by Saint Laurent for Colony, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Asymmetric geometric, right: a white triangular yoke slants across bare shoulders, narrows to a strap in back, over a tiny bright-brown tube cropped thigh high. Vogue Pattern 1792. Both patterns designed by Christian Dior. Both of Jasco worsted jersey knitted in America. Earrings by Mimi di N. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The glittery pantie stockings by Bewitching. Coiffures by Suga of Kenneth; wigs by Kenneth. Other views, sizes, and yardages, on page 42.

VOGUE PATTERN 1787

PENATI

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 1792



What's good for the gander

From men who look after the good health and good looks of men, words to the wise woman . . .

Good for the gander's *head* is **A CONTEMPORARY HAIRCUT.** What's contemporary? Meticulous shag. No angles, no sharp lines. Hair that never looks just-cut, never seems to have been just-shaved at the nape, at the sideburns. Nothing tight or flat about the borderlines. Nothing at all self-conscious. . . . Look around you in a restaurant. See who looks as though he hasn't caught up with yesterday's newspaper. . . .

Good for the gander's *hair* is **SHAMPOOING.** Every day, if you follow the personal routine of a doctor who knows all there is to know about hair health; and a men's hair stylist who shapes up the heads of a galaxy of famously handsome chaps. . . . Shampoo with what? Depends on what's his cup of shampoo. 100% cleansing or only half-way. Anti-dandruff, anti-static, anti-oil, anti-dry. Depends, too, on the aroma that he likes to step out of the shower dressed in. . . .

Good for the gander's *hair* is **THE HAIRBRUSH.** But for the way the hair looks, not the hair itself. For grooming, parting, taming, not for treatment. Bad for the gander are the celebrated "one hundred strokes." Does more harm than good, hair specialists seem to agree. "Never mind that stuff about improving circulation and all that," said one. "For men, excessive brushing may be damaging, is never beneficial." . . .

Good for the gander's *mouth* is **LIPSTICK.** Protective, soothing, de-hurting. A dermatologist so reactionary he had just recently been persuaded to brave an after-shave lotion with a bit of lingering fragrance found this out last summer. Travelling across a hot stretch of Arizona desertland, found himself enormously grateful for the loan of his wife's pale lipstick. Found himself recommending colourless lipstick to patients parched by weather or the combination of heat and low humidity—when the regular stick that copes with chapping happened to stay home. . . .

Good for the gander's *wholesome mien* is **THE CLEAR, FIRM EYE.** Don't shoot him if you can't see the whites of his eyes. Give him eye drops instead. . . . Eye creams and eye pads are out to de-puff and freshen the eye area. So is a certain sleeping position. Little "awareness exists of the increased hydrostatic pressure that occurs in the face in the sleeping position. This sometimes produces edema and skin-stretch of the face, especially the eyelids," wrote Dr. Norman Orentreich. "Simply elevating the head of the bed can reduce the tendency to baggy eyelids frequently seen on awakening." . . .

(Continued next page)

HOW LONG SHOULD A MAN WEAR HIS HAIR?

How long his hair? The answer could be: As long as he feels easy in. As long as he can get away with. Short of looking suspicious. Short of inspiring such speculations as "Is that fellow having a psychedelic experience? Does he owe his barber money? Does he wash behind his ears?" . . . And how long is *this?* Depends. On who he is, the milieu in which he operates, the rôle he plays where. . . . Take the head here. The back of the face of James Fox (see the foxy front of face, page 81). Perfect length for Mr. Fox. He's an actor, his home base is England, his hair has grown with the times. A prime mover of the happy hilarity of *Thoroughly Modern Millie,* he was, in *The Servant* a while back, shorter of hair, staider of dress—distinguished young Britisher . . . *then.* 1967, his hair longer, more curvy and turvy, he typifies distinguished young Britisher . . . *now.* . . . Mr. Fox has followed the ground rules of who, when, where. Here (and elsewhere on this page) are more. As hair inches away from the scalp, it should bespeak the services of a studious barber, but never clue in to exactly when it last saw that barber (every two or three weeks is a ground rule for those mysterious barber visitations). . . . Sideburns are plunging pleasantly; swoops of hair at forehead are improving a multitude of head shapes. . . . The licked-down look is licked. . . . Although lengths depend on one's ambience, it's a rare playboy in the Western World who isn't wearing his hair a bit longer in back and behind the ears than he did ten years ago. . . . Exact figures for non-actors, non-artists? For bankers and merchant chiefs? Two inches long all around, tapered down to one inch around neckline and ears. Short necks can not support long hair, long necks need it. Where to draw the line on length? Shortstop it at least a finger's-width from the collar. . . . Multi-Hair is in. Mini-Hair is out. . . .

PENN

More sauce for the gander

Good for the gander's *skin* is **SHAVING.** Words from a medical man: "Take brother-sister twins of sixty. The man will have 'younger' facial skin. But only on the bearded areas; his forehead will be just as 'old' as the woman's. Shaving removes more than beard. Continuous gentle abrasion of skin is apparently a healthful procedure." . . . Shaving with what instrument? One dermatologist swears by the safety razor. "There's something about the cleanliness of it, the asepsis. It's definitely better for acne cases." ...Second dermatologist is equally firm about the delights of the electric razor, at least as far as his own shaving is concerned. He prefers one with a smaller shaving edge, the better to get under the chin. . . . And a third dermatologist switches back and forth from safety to electric razor, depending on how his skin's reacting that week. Recommends same for his patients. If safety's irritating, prescribes electric; vice versa. Finds it works. . . .

Good for the gander's *face* is **LATHER.** Says the barber. Says the dermatologist. "Watch the barber shave a customer," instructed the dermatologist. "He lathers, he shaves; lathers, shaves; lathers, shaves; three times." The barber has time . . . and this knowledge: that the gentler shave is the less traumatic shave, the closer shave—therefore, the more charming shave. This particular dermatologist, a noted one whose name crops up frequently in connection with matters of man-preservation, lathers and shaves his own face five times every morning (no time wasted; the scene is his bath, and his left hand, fully aware of what his right hand is doing, is holding *The New York Times*). . . .

Good for the gander's *figure* is **WILL POWER, MADE INTERESTING.** Exercise devices, electric and transistor, to tickle a palate for gadgets, wipe out a great capacity for self-forgiveness. . . . Will power with food; for fodder to interest, see the surprises of a crack nutritionist detailed starting page 120. . . . Will power at such recreations as drinking, made interesting by something to count besides the drinks: the precise alcohol content. Since the heavy drinker's overall profile often confirms the medical contention that alcohol produces a type of overweight different from normal overweight, the specific alcohol intake can be crucial to a figure. Which means: ganders interested in avoiding expansion, remarkably generous midriff sections and faces larger than one's Maker intended them to be, should read the label on the sauce. 12% and less alcohol means it's a well-behaved little drink. A+ for figures. Champagne and unfortified wines—Chablis, Bordeaux, Moselle, for instance—usually make the 12%-and-less team, shouldn't upset your moisture balance, leave you thirsty in the morning. But there are wines and wines. Did you know that Vermouth checks in at around 18% alcohol, sherry and the other fortifieds at around 20%? The more ambitious spirits—whiskey, gin, and the like—range from 40-50% (that's 80-100 proof on the label); diluting them with soda and such reduces the alcohol content; one part 80-proof vodka to three parts tonic makes a 10% drink. Now you do the auditing on a Martini. See how it works? Mathematicians and other people who like figures will love this game. . . .

Good for the gander's *allure* is **FRAGRANCE.** Note the sexual significance of fragrance in the animal kingdom, something fragrance researchers are studying in depth right now. The olfactory nerve is the first one out of the brain, one medical researcher pointed out, pointedly. . . . The current debate among men's fragrance students revolves (Continued on page 176)

HOW TO SHOP FOR HIS LOOKS

To the questions opposite, the answers here. Is man becoming a cosmeticized creature? Not on his life. A more disciplined creature, perhaps, and that's the scoop that the gloop of gel in the picture is there to give. A bronzing gel, it bestows a wholesome look without the chanciness of undisciplined sunning. . . . The only soap that's no soap for a man is the soap that doesn't thrill him or his particular breed of skin. Unless he has a problem skin (in which case the label or his doctor will offer advice), the soap for him is the soap that looks good, feels good, smells good to him. Although dermatologists say that, in a pinch, even laundry soap is O.K., a more likely candidate for catching all his senses is something more handsome, like the transparent glycerine soap shown on the laundry bar here. . . . Tearing his hair out by the combful? He might be. "Continuous pulling by . . . combs may produce permanent hair loss if the traction is prolonged," Dr. Norman Orentreich wrote. Search out combs with rounded teeth, smooth valleys between them; no sneaky crevices to grab a strand of hair, no sharp points to peeve a scalp. . . . If he doesn't know how great a lather or a foam is to be in, its salubrious connection with his complexion, read him the medical reasoning top of page. Save his face.

Is man going to become a cosmeticized creature?

is any soap no soap for man?

IS MAN TEARING HIS HAIR OUT BY THE COMBFUL?

DOES HE KNOW WHY A LATHER IS WORTH BEING IN?

THE NIFTY

Junior Sophisticates—a nifty source for nifty young clothes, here making two niftissimo points: short pants turnouts, Tattersall plaids in gold. Pants plus two, left—short pants cut with a slight flare-out, and two partners: a short-sleeved jacket with a belt across the back, a sleeveless V-neck top of navy-blue Fortrel and rayon. The costume, about $125. Pants dress, high-belted, right—a perfect little setup for a summer's action: plain sleeveless top, patch pockets, pants that—standing still—fall like a skirt, and a black patent belt. About $65. Watchband by Erich Kreisel for Colony. Endura watch. Both turnouts, gold with navy Tattersall; Courtaulds rayon, cotton, acetate (Cohama fabric). Knee socks by Bonnie Doon. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. Coiffures: Suga of Kenneth. Taking care of bare knees, arms, anything—new leg and body makeup to add a tan, fill in uneven tans; waterproof, no rub-off. Called Nude, by Helena Rubinstein. *Both these Nifty American fashions, at all the shops listed on page 181.*

PENN

AMERICANS

THEY'RE THE SPECIAL FASHIONS
YOU WANT RIGHT NOW...
TIMELY AS TODAY'S PAPER, AND
JUST AS AVAILABLE—READY
WHEN YOU ARE, IN SHOPS ALL
ACROSS THE COUNTRY....AT
THE READY HERE: SHORT-PANTS
LOOKS, IN TATTERSALLS





THE NIFTY AMERICANS

READY WHEN YOU ARE— THE BIG BANDS, BLACK AND WHITE WOOL KNITS

Kimberly—where knitted clothes come bouncing out, consistently great, tirelessly wearable—these, black and white wool knits with bold bands going straight or slanted. Band of black, left, running like a semaphore signal through an easy shift of white. Neat white edge at the neck, slick little shape. About $70. Stockings by Lady Exeter. Band of white, right, straight around like a low sash on a narrow black dress. Working in this band, hip pockets marked with brass buttons. About $60. Ban-Lon stockings by Adler. Charles Jourdan shoes. Both pages: cork jewellery by Sant Angelo; coiffures using real-hair wigs, by Suga of Kenneth. Both dresses, knitted in America. *These Nifty Americans available in stores all across the country; listing, page 181.*



MIDSUMMER DREAM:

THE JEAN CLAUDE ABREUS' LIFE IN THE SWISS ALPS PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

MME. JEAN CLAUDE ABREU (OPPOSITE PAGE) WREATHED LIKE A BOTTICELLI OREAD IN MOUNTAIN FLOWERS. THIS PAGE: MME. ABREU HIKING WITH THE SWISS GUIDE ERWIN ALTENBLATTEN; BELOW THEM, THE MONTE ROSA GLACIER.



MIDSUMMER DREAM

BY POLLY DEVLIN

The Matterhorn leaps high and jagged, dusted with snow across its peak, into a forget-me-not sky, and a crevasse canters across its thick white glacier. The bottom of the mountain tumbles into a forest which has that eye-stinging brightness of evergreens in spring, changes into hills and slides to rest, surprised, against a rugged multi-level chalet, Turquino.

An Alpine house with big overhanging eaves and a sharply angled roof, it is lived in by Jean Claude Abreu, co-founder and publisher of the French art magazine *L'OEIL*, Didi his wife, their two children, Natalie (who is five) and Miguel (four), sundry servants, and the children's round brown Swiss nanny.

On the bottom level of the house in a self-contained apartment live Erwin Aufdenblatten, a Swiss guide of some fame, also increasingly prominent in local affairs, and his family; consequently the house is always ringing with laughter and the shouts of children. The Abreus live in Zermatt part of the summer and most of the winter, and although they spend a good deal of time in (Continued next page)

The Abreus in Switzerland in June, the prodigal month of flowers, when "the air sparks, the sun slams, the mountains gleam." Opposite page, top left: *A picnic at Furri with Mme. Abreu, her two children, Erwin Aufdenblatten, and his daughter, the picnic packed in haymowers' baskets.* Opposite, top right: *M. Jean Claude Abreu in climbing clothes.* Below: *Mme. Abreu in Swiss dress with her children, Natalie and Miguel, on the road from Zermatt to Turquino, the Abreus' chalet; and* this page, *playing in a sun-blazed field.*

MIDSUMMER DREAM

Paris in their eighteenth-century mews house, they have for Zermatt a special feeling.

For Jean Claude Abreu, a Cuban living in Paris, it is the mountains that draw him. He has in his blood that obsessive love for them which drives him to do things that others would call risks, for what most people would not consider reward: If one has not this love affair with the mountains, there is no understanding it.

He shares this love with Erwin Aufdenblatten, and they are most at home with their heads in the clouds above Zermatt, just where most people would be losing theirs. For Didi it is the peace of Zermatt: "If I didn't have my summer months, I'd collapse. I need Zermatt. It's my hibernation, my sustenance, and I love it for the children. They lead a marvellous savage life, the sort of life people led generations ago."

The Chalet Turquino is high above Zermatt but is nearer to the village than it looks because the path to it is teasing and tortuous and takes idiot turns and spirals, which add to the length and pitch of the journey but also to the pleasure when one arrives, panting open-mouthed. The Abreus have re- (Continued on page 169)

Long, buoyant midsummer days and evenings at the Abreu chalet, Turquino, in the distilled mountain air of Switzerland.
Right: *Mme. Abreu with Turquino glowing in back of her, and Zermatt below her, against the afterlight on the Alps.*
Left, top: *Mme. Abreu, her parasol an echo of field flowers; M. and Mme. Abreu with their children.*
Left, centre: *Luncheon, served with sun and joy—"and, always, fresh croissants"—on a balcony.*
Left, below: *Mme. Abreu, dressed for dinner, backgammon, and candlelight; and with her daughter at the window of Natalie's small, flowered, "Beatrix Potter" room under the eaves of Turquino.*

TONI FRISSELL







HE: Where is the key to the motorcycle?

SHE: In the silver swan.

HE: No. The swan has a box of incense, my passport, some wool for your needle-stuff, and three pictures of the children, double-exposed.

SHE: Well, look in the silver tomato, or in the artichoke, or. . . .

Or. The thing about silver boxes is this: They don't just do something; they stand there. No one would knock a silver box's usableness for playing cards, cigarettes, bread sticks, bobby pins, biscuits, diamonds, or golf tees. But that's not *why* almost everyone owns silver boxes sooner or later or why quite a few people are hung up on them. They look great, that's why. They come in new, inventive shapes. They are beautifully made. They never wear out. They gleam. On these pages are new, clever, old, rare, large, small, curious, sensible, ingenious, marvellous silver boxes. (On page 168, detailed information about them.) All have this one point in common:

A SILVER BOX IS NOT SQUARE

DAVID MASSEY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: Courrèges's boutique—the modern mecca



Women like Mrs. Robert C. Scull. above, cross the Atlantic for it, fly in from all ports for it—the only spot in the world where one can buy *real* Courrèges—ready made, practically ready to wear out the door. There it is on the second floor of 10 rue François Ier, a pristine white box of a boutique, bustling with people, charm, and orderly, no nonsense, steady, steady, steady selling. . . . Not one iota of chaos thought of, or put up with, as you make your selection from the semicircle of white lacquered bins—each filled with polished pears of perfection—the flawless coats, the architectural dresses, and now even the famous pants turnouts. . . . Everything in sizes A, B, C, or D—fantastically well mathematized to fit. . . . Just a few in this scrumptious colour or weave of fabric, then it's another. . . . The hems are unfinished on the rack—are finished to order. The prices American dollars, $140-$320, superb for such flawless design, incomparable workmanship. . . . Courrèges's boutique is a modern dream come true. . . .

Paris: ***Lanvin's boutique sparkles*** with the beauty (jet hair, aquamarine eyes) of Madame Bernard Lanvin, below, her flash, wit, ideas, her darty presence lighting up the luxe. . . . Mme. Lanvin's favourite bit of business—palest pink cotton twill pussy-bowed tent, over white organdie bloomers. $170. 22 Faubourg St.-Honoré. . . .



CHRISTIAN ROSE

Paris: ***The luxe of the life now.*** Who knows or asks where the money comes from—it's there, and everything is there to spend it on. . . . Such a sweep of new boutiques all looking smart, sure of themselves, *feeling* prosperous, dashing, tempting. . . . And all over in Paris in the last year, boutiques for the house, like "Ram-Dam," 130 rue de la Pompe, full of career-people apartment stuff, like lamps with fabric shades shaped like upside-down salad bowls, in purple, red, green, $18. . . . ***The "Prisunic" on the Champs-Élysées*** is one of the hottest spots in Paris—has the newest fashions fastest at prices like $15 (for a girl's socko white canvas shirt dress), $55 (for a man's Mao-collared suit). . . .

Paris: Colour. ***Someone's knocked the bottom out of the kaleidoscope and let loose the hues. The whole town glistens yellow, glows orange, pulses purple, screams green. Every boutique flames with the colour message. (But watch soot black come sneaking back—it's lurking now in the boutique's back workrooms.)*** . . .



Paris: ***Meet the queen*** of the Laura boutique, ravishing, red-headed Sonia Rykiel. She creates the look of the real red Paris boutique bunny. At Laura, 104 Avenue Général-Leclerc. . . .



Paris: ***Cardin's coming*** to this corner of St.-Germain-des-Prés, where rue de Seine meets rue de something. It's absolutely right like everything Cardin does. And it'll be run by one of the rippiest, most attractive girls in all of Paris—Betty Saint. Watch out. . . .

Paris: ***India is it,*** the luxury of the silks, the embroidery, the colours, absolutely *it.* Actress Claudine Auger, below, in a greeny-white print silk sari cut mini-length. $66. Mohanjeet Boutique, 12 rue Jacob. . . .



SKETCH BY: TOD DRAZ



Paris: ***Boss of the boutiques*** M. Elie Jacobson, above, with a rangy customer, is the brains behind Dorothée Bis which means he's very smart indeed because Dorothée Bis is almost always the real reddest, 100% rightest boutique. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Paris: The boutique route of a mannequin-of-the-moment, Karina Gondy . . .

Karina may be a photographer's dream but "Racing Stand" is one of Karina's daydreams—nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world—it's owned by famous French racer Claude Ballot, sells serious racing car gear as well as nifty neat white duck coveralls and cap, left; $20. And zippy jackets of leather, honed to the tone of a shiny peanut shell, below; $60. "Racing Stand" is 9 rue Gustave Courbet. . . .





Naturally Karina checks in at Dorothée Bis, below. To miss this boutique would be to miss *it*. . . . What she found there: a hooded, shirttailed beach coat of muslin (the French interestingly enough call it calico). $15. Dorothée Bis, 39 rue de Sèvres.



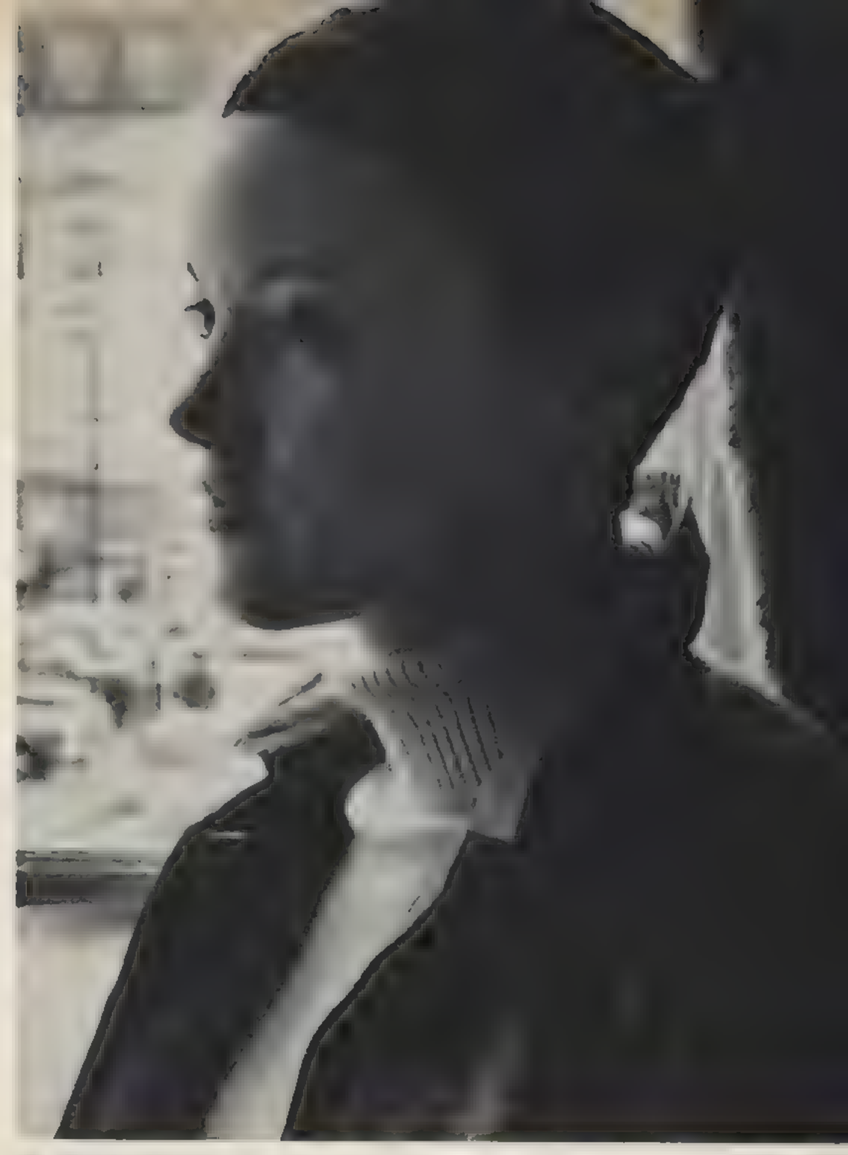


Karina knows India's it—that the East is influencing a big bit of the Paris boutiques . . . so naturally she has to have this shirt of brilliant purple cotton embroidered with creamy floss and discs of mirrors, above. $20. It's from one of the best of Paris's boutiques, the "White House," corner of rue de la Pompe and rue de Longchamp.

"Carneby" is really a man's boutique—a superb one too—but Karina, below, goes there to have her tartan blazer impeccably made to order. $60. 99 rue de Longchamp. . . .

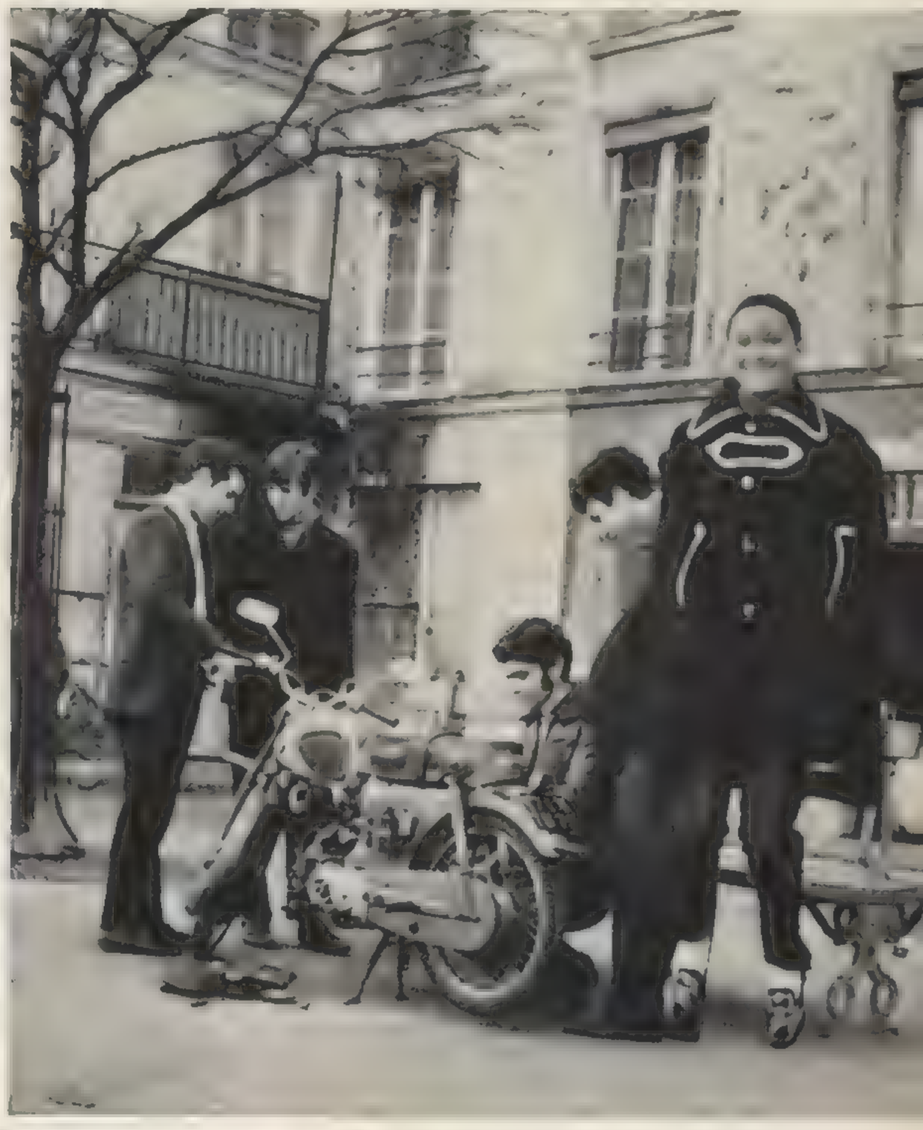


CHRISTIAN ROSE



Karina is nineteen, half Italian, half Bangui, and well on her way to being a toast of Paris—hers is a look that says *today*—her hair marvellously moulded by Alexandre. . . .





What's going on here? It's the Place du Marché Sainte-Catherine, but all around its edges are boutiques called "Carnaby-Street," "Flirt," "Girls." . . . And around the centre, the youths race their motor-bikes to beat hell and gone. . . . But aha! Karina knows it's all the enterprise of one clever fellow bringing international boutique life to one square of Paris. And girls like Karina can find dashing navy flannel capes, above, for $24 at "Girls"; or navy Arnel jersey bell-bottoms bound up in silver, above left, $70, at "Flirt"; or knitted-to-the-skin yellow skimmers with shoulder epaulettes, by Emmanuelle Khanh, left, $50, from "Flirt." . . .

Brave and beautiful

(Continued from page 118)

icals showing himself being presented with same.

Scene Three: A hotel room anywhere, the afternoon of the fight. Ostos has driven all night from the town of yesterday's fight. He has had nothing to eat since breakfast. There is time now for a bath, a cup of coffee, and then he must dress. His sword boy lays out the costume he will wear that day, and on the dresser prepares the private shrine at which Jaime will pray during the last few moments before leaving for the ring.

There are forty or more holy pictures out of a cardboard box to be arranged. There are medals and crucifixes. There is a votive light which will burn from the moment the matador leaves this room until the moment he returns. If he returns.

As Jaime dresses, the room fills up with dignitaries and aficionados. The matador is pale, distracted but trying to be polite. With fifteen minutes to go, the sword boy clears the room. Jaime prays before his shrine. He kisses all the holy pictures and crucifixes. He blesses himself. He lights the votive lamp. Outside the room, as men wait for him, he calls the chambermaid.

"Let no one in the room while I am gone."

"I know. I'm used to matadors."

"Not even you."

"I understand," the chambermaid says, biting her lip. She is old, and on her face is a look of admiration and love mixed with fear. "Have good luck—son."

"Let's go," says Ostos crisply.

The men go down the stairs. In the midst of them moves this boy with the beautiful costume and the taut face.

All the way through the lobby, and later, when he gets out of his car beside the arena, men try to touch him and wish him luck.

"Suerte, Matador."

"Suerte, Matador."

"Suerte, Matador."

Scene Four: The wedding feast in Andalusia. When a popular bullfighter gets married, he does not simply have a wedding, he has a circus. The wedding is in the morning, and the reception lasts all day. There are more than a thousand guests. Two meals are served. This is on a country estate near Seville, and there are fun and games for all, including riding and shooting. As the pièce de résistance, the bridegroom, Ostos, climbs down into a small ring and amuses his guests by fighting a few small animals. His friend Luis Miguel "Dominguín" does the same, and there are other animals for brave amateurs.

Ostos at the time is twenty-seven years old. His bride, Maria Consuelo Alcalá, is not yet seventeen and fresh out of a convent. It is Ostos's plan (and this is not an uncommon idea in Spain) to take a child bride so that he can raise her himself the way he wants her. She has hazel-green eyes, creamy white skin, and long, thick, straight black hair, strong as a horse's tail. She is slim and determined to remain that way, even though the fashion in Spain is for plumper women. Ostos first saw her at a bullfight, dedicated a bull to her, and decided then and there that he would marry her.

As a bullfighter's wife, Maria knows that her husband will be away, fighting most of the time, for nine months each year. She knows that she will probably have her babies alone. She knows that probably twice a year, for as long as he goes on fighting, she will receive phone calls in the night at about the time she is putting her children to bed. The phone calls will tell her that her husband has again been dreadfully, perhaps mortally this time, gored.

But it is hard to think of any of this in the circus atmosphere of the wedding feast. A thousand guests, and almost that many servants ministering to them. All that money that bullfighters earn and spend.

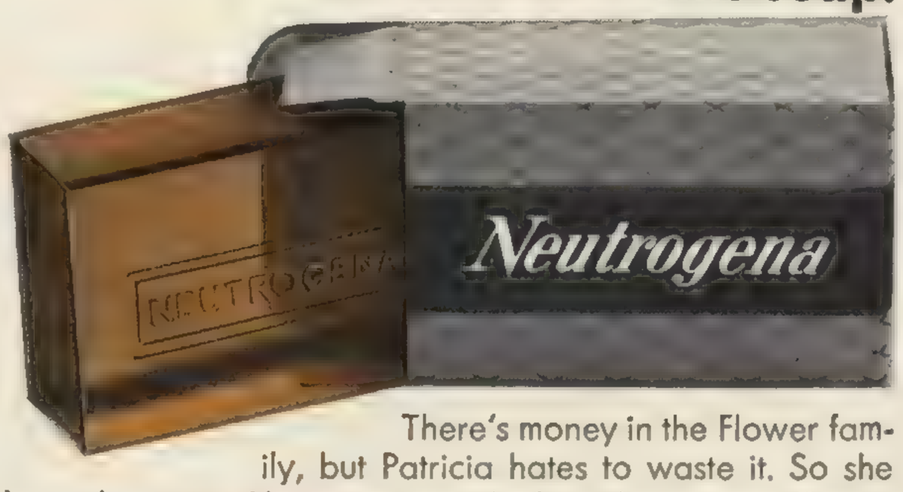
Jaime Ostos was born in Écija on April 8, 1933. Unlike most great bullfighters, he did not rise up out of blinding poverty. His father owned some property, and Jaime as a schoolboy owned a bicycle—bicycles

(Continued on page 164)



She takes her chauffeur to carry the bargains. Today they captured towels by the dozen, 79¢ off. But then she spent $1 for a single bar of soap.

This soap.



There's money in the Flower family, but Patricia hates to waste it. So she hunts bargains like some people hunt big game. Except where her complexion is concerned. There she passes up 2-for-1 giveaways, and spends her $1 for the unequalled, unparalleled purity of Neutrogena.® This clear natural bar has been coddling her sensitive skin since her debut. It cleans like no ordinary commercial soap can. Leaves her face silky-soft, smooth, calm, and un-stretched. To Patricia, Neutrogena is a blue-chip bargain. Indeed it's so different it's patented. But to wash is to know. And you can do that yourself for a dime.

Find out why for just 10¢

(Cost of mailing trial size bar). ©NEUTROGENA 1967

Send 10¢ and your name, address, and zip code (a must!) to Neutrogena, Dept. V-6, Box 1660, Santa Monica, California 90406.

GO-GO-GO-GO!



It's a wonderful adventure to be a young woman in your place and in your time.

And Tampax tampons, today's up-to-date way of sanitary protection, help you keep that sense of adventure active every day of the month.

Tampax tampons are specially designed for the swinging life of contemporary young women. They're worn internally, so they're invisible when they're properly in place. They leave you free to wear your most flattering clothes—even swimsuits—any day of the month.

With Tampax tampons, there are no pins, no pads, no belts, no bulges. With them there's no odor, because telltale odor simply cannot form.

And with this internal sanitary protection, you can go-go-go-go every day of the month, every month.

Dress by Jr. Sophisticates

TAMPAX®
tampons

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

Brave and beautiful

(Continued from page 163)

were rare in post-Civil War Spain. Jaime used to pedal into Cordova, thirty miles away, to see bullfights: "I'd come home in the night with sixty miles in my legs and stars in my eyes."

His father refused to let him become a bullfighter. Jaime earned his civil pilot's licence at seventeen in order to please his father, then abruptly left home and went to live with an aunt in Seville, and set about learning how to fight bulls. His first professional fight as a *novillero* (novice) was on Easter Sunday, 1953. He was twenty. He had twenty-five fights that year, then had to go into the army for fourteen months. He fought as a *novillero* in 1955 and 1956, leading all other novices in 1956. On the thirteenth of October, 1956, in Saragossa in almost the last fight in Spain that season, he was promoted to full-fledged matador de toros by Miguel Báez "Litri," with Antonio Ordóñez as witness.

All bullfighters, if they are to succeed, must have a style. Some, like Litri (and later El Cordobés), are scary. Some, like Ordóñez, are extremely graceful and artistic. Ostos was somewhere in between the two. Though valiant, he did not deliberately get into trouble just to show how brave he was. Though artistic enough, he never felt that artistry alone was sufficient. He was what the Spaniards call a *pundonoroso*, meaning a matador who tries his damnedest with nearly every single bull of his life.

If you paid to see Ostos fight, whether the bull was bad or good, easy or dangerous, whether it was windy or raining, whether Ostos was hurt or had not had any sleep—no matter what, he gave the mob its money's worth. He was, in addition, a brilliant killer. Killing, if it's done right, is the most difficult and dangerous part of a bullfight, and there are almost no good killers any more.

Most matadors get the killing over with any way they can. Not Ostos. Some of his kills were talked about for years afterwards, and he once offered a substantial sum of money to anyone who could show him a photo of himself killing a bull without exposing his own body to the horns according to the rule.

Ostos's best year was 1962. He was the unquestioned champion of the Seville and Madrid fairs, and of five other fairs as well, winning seven trophies. He led all other matadors in number of fights, eighty-one, in which he cut one hundred and twelve ears. He earned about four hundred thousand dollars that year. But the season ended with six inches of horn in the right thigh.

Ostos had only one failing as a bullfighter: He often forgot to pay attention. The time the bull in Pamplona blasted him over the fence, he wasn't paying attention. Once, in Malaga, I saw another bull hit him as hard. It was pushing against the horse and Ostos, twenty yards away, was standing with his cape furled against his breast and his arms folded. Apparently he was watching the bull, but his mind must have been miles away, for when the bull suddenly quit the horse and charged straight at him, he didn't react at all. The impact sent him flying. He was picked up by his men and rushed unconscious from the ring but half an hour later he was back to face his second bull.

Another time, in Madrid, he was walking away from a winded bull that he had fixed, he thought, to the spot. He was looking up into our tumultuous applause and thinking about us, not the bull, and when the bull lumbered slowly forward and we screamed, Ostos again did not react. The horn went into the back of his left thigh. He fell head down, like a counterweight, and hung there on the horn. Then the bull flung him away. Getting up, Ostos fought free of his men, returned to the bull, passed it several times, then sworded it as correctly and courageously as he always did.

He moved woodenly toward us again, his face grey, blood coursing down his leg, trying to strut as a matador should but unable to bring it off. Then he fainted.

It was an overpoweringly impressive display of courage or

If you have problems with your hair, drown them in a bottle.



This one.

Restor's the name. And *restore* is what it does. Turns troubled hair into tempting beauty again. Makes it vibrant with natural health. (Remember how it was when you were twelve? Before it was over-bleached? Or over-tinted? Or over-exposed to sun and wind and other nasty, harsh things?) *That's* the sort of thing Restor can do.

Restor doesn't just coat hair shafts temporarily; it penetrates and works its magic on each individual shaft. (And you can't get more effective than that.)

Of course, you won't find Restor just anywhere. You have to ask for it at better beauty salons. Such as those in the Neiman-Marcus stores. Here the noted hair-stylist Travis Johnson makes a point of using Restor to keep hair healthy, hold the set better. There's nothing like Restor. Anywhere. See for yourself . . . soon.



Travis Johnson, Stylist for Neiman-Marcus beauty salons.

For salons where you may obtain Restor, write:
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7323 Beverly Boulevard
Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

honour or—or something. *Pundonor*, the Spanish would say.

All the matadors are terribly punished by the bulls. But the bulls punish most those who put out the most. Especially the few *pundonorosos* like Ostos. Once, in Seville, Ostos was gored in the neck; in Tarazona de Aragon in July of 1963 a horn went twelve inches into his leg rupturing the iliac vein. As Ostos lay on the sand, blood spurted out between his fingers. The *rejoneador* Angel Peralta leaped over the fence to Ostos's side and pressed his hand onto the hole. Ostos's peons picked him up and ran him toward the infirmary. Peralta ran alongside, pressing on the hole, trying to slow the vast haemorrhage. "Tengo una cornada grande," Ostos murmured just before he passed out. "I've been terribly gored."

On the operating table, the doctors could not seem to slow the haemorrhage. Ostos was in deep shock and seemed dead. A massive blood transfusion was ordered. Universal donors were called for out of the grandstand and waited on line at the infirmary door. Six quarts of blood eventually went into Ostos—six quarts is what the human system holds. His blood pressure was down to three, and his pulse was imperceptible. A priest gave him the last rites.

In Seville, Maria Consuelo took the call and had just enough time to leap on the eight-thirty night plane for Madrid, where a car waited to drive her to Tarazona—which she reached at two-thirty in the morning.

Meanwhile, the doctors worked four hours to make Ostos stop bleeding. His subordinates waited nearby, some of them weeping.

All night they watched over him. His wife arrived. The doctors could not promise Ostos would live out the night.

The dawn came up. Ostos's wife, manager, and peons were red-eyed with worry and grief, and they decided to go implore the intercession of the Virgin of Pilar, patron saint of nearby Saragossa, and also of its October fiestas. Ostos had been promoted to matador there during a fiesta. In the church of the Virgin of Pilar there is a chapel on the spot where the Virgin once appeared to St. James, and the image of the Virgin wears sumptuous garments and jewellery. They begged that one of the Virgin's mantles be lent to them, for it was green, which is said to be the colour of hope, and they rushed back to Ostos's side and draped this mantle over his bed.

Six days passed before he was considered out of danger, and he lay in a clinic for two and a half months. He did not fight again that year, and he thus lost fifty-one signed contracts worth an estimated third of a million dollars.

That is as close as any matador has come to being killed by a bull since the last one, Manolete, who actually was killed in 1947.

The doctors said Ostos would never fight again, for he could no longer walk properly and he had no feeling in that right thigh. But he worked long and painfully at exercises all winter, and the next year fought in sixty-two corridas, and in 1965 in seventy-nine. Last year he fought in only fifty-three, and some take this as proof that he will soon retire, perhaps after one last season. But how can he give it up when there is not much else he really likes to do, and when it pays so well—forty-five hundred dollars or more per fight?

Though his body is scarred, and he still limps when he gets tired, he thinks he has a nice life. He and Maria Consuelo live at present in a large, top-floor apartment overlooking Seville. They have two children, Maria Gabriela, who is going on five, and Jaime, two. And there are several servants.

They are building a finca in the country near Seville. There will be a big house and a pool and hundreds of orange trees. Much of the furniture will be antiques for Maria Consuelo studies and loves antiques. Jaime's own tastes run more toward realistic paintings of himself in action and religious images.

When Jaime is not fighting, he and his wife sleep late, rising to lunch at two or three in the

(Continued on page 167)

BATHE A LA FRANÇAISE WITH MOUSSEL THE FRENCH FOAM GEL



MOUSSEL ... haute couture for the bath, shower, shampoo

Moussel in your bath or shower transforms ordinary water into an extraordinary silky, satiny, soothing liquid. No soap or bath oil will ever please you again after one Moussel happening. In plastic containers, $2.00, $4.00 and $10.00.

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Nimble Fingers never get in your way: they're the sheerest seamfree liquidproof gloves you can buy. Perfect hand protection for shampooing or tinting hair, coloring or polishing shoes. Only 59¢ at better haircare departments. Need a tougher glove? Try long-wearing neoprene Ebonettes®, 79¢, soft cotton-down lined SUPER Ebonettes®, 98¢, or insulated knit-cotton lined Bluettes®, $1.69.

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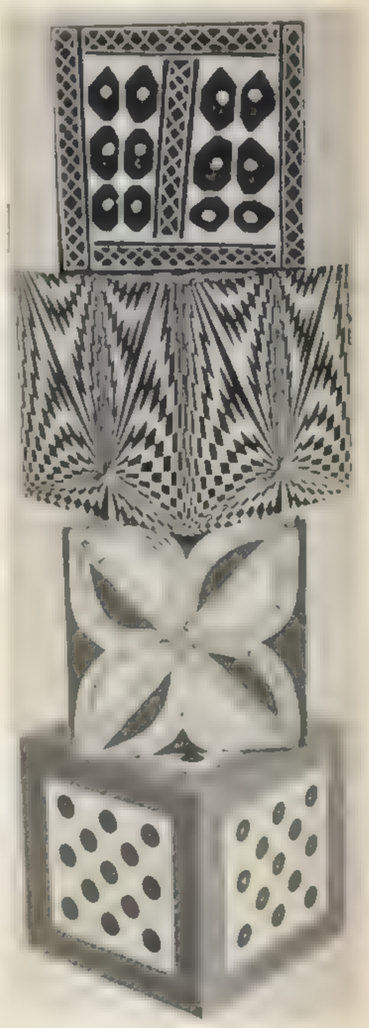
FASHIONS IN LIVING

I packed a basket for Newport and in it I put . . .

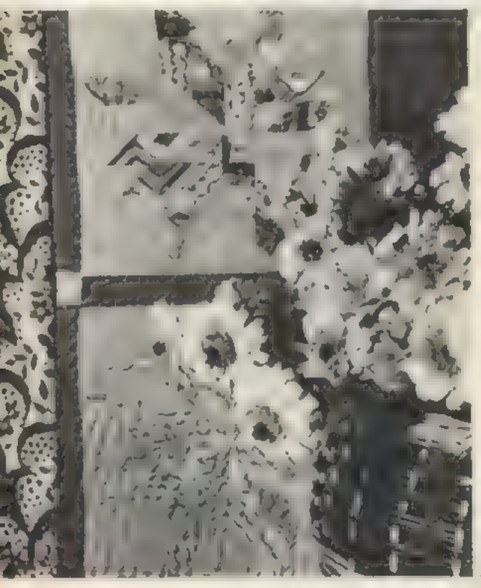
Four New York decorators explain the game: How to turn a dull rented house into a pretty pavilion, taking only baskets of carefree things. *Albert Hadley*, of Mrs. Henry Parish II, packs for a pale-blue room: White slipcovers; cotton prints for cushions . . . a stripe; red-and-yellow calico print; and, *see* #2, yellow-and-navy print, $8.25 yd., Jofa, 227 E. 56th St.; yellow cotton quilt, bordered in sharp green, to throw on a sofa; an English basket, here with zinnias, $30. *Left, #1*, fishnets, 72″ x 30′, $2.50 ea., to cut and tie onto curtain poles, Dazian's, 40 E. 29th St. White Paisley-printed plastic for see-through porch curtains, 50″, $8.60 yd. Irish willow cachepots, $8.60 and $10. Wicker hamper, $30, Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., spills black and white Tiger Tissue, $1 yd., Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., to cover a plywood table, *see* #3. Under it, shiny navy- and green-printed Tiger vinyl to cut and staple to the floor, $3.50 yd., Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave. Baskets, quilt, Paisley plastic, to order, Mrs. Parish, 22 E. 69th St. *Zajac & Callahan*, 215 E. 64th St., pack for a white room: Vivid yellow-flowered Tiger Tissue, $1 yd., Lord & Taylor, to cover a table, *see* #3; to make no-sew curtains stapled to a wood rod; to make valances, loosely doubled, shirred full, stapled on. *See* #6, lacquer red wood blinds, $33, Holland Shade, 306 E. 61st St. A two-tone woven sisal rug, *see* #4, $3 sq. ft., Morjikian, 239 E. 60th St. Add their bamboo floor lamp, shiny red paper shade, $85. *Denning & Fourcade*, 122 E. 78th St., pack for two bedrooms: An apple-green and bright-anemones print; a red, yellow, navy stripe, *see* #5, of soft, strong Kaycel paper made into café curtains, $4, single bedspreads, $8, pillowcases, $4. Take extra spreads to cut and staple on walls. By Nordic House, at Lord & Taylor. Sheets, of clear yellow Dacron-cotton-nylon, drip-dry. Lace-trimmed singles, $16; matching bed covers, $29.50; pillowcases, $8.50. Carlin, at Saks Fifth Ave. Triangular Lucite table, $17, mail order only, Pioneer Display, 149 W. 38th St., *see* #3. Baskets of flowers by Bouquets À La Carte, 29 E. 73rd St. Grass roller shades, *see* #6, $1.75, Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., on the blue-and-white tiles, $5.07 sq. ft., Country Floors, 214 E. 26th St. Navy straw goza matting, $1.49, Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., *see* #4. *David Eugene Bell*, Bloomingdale's interior design director, packs for a white room: *See* #7—White china packed in boxes with everything for two; breakfast box, $55, lunch-dinner box, $76, from Rosenthal, at Bloomingdale's. Black-and-white sturdy checked cotton, $3.50 yd., *see* #8, to cover seat cushions, a round table. Wicker chair $85, ottoman $50, sofa $175; white plaster and shell lamp, $134; rug of sisal squares, 60c sq. ft. All Bloomingdale's. *See* #9: Bright hand-printed plywood 12″ cubes, $35 ea., Bill Bell, 37 E. 50th St.

1





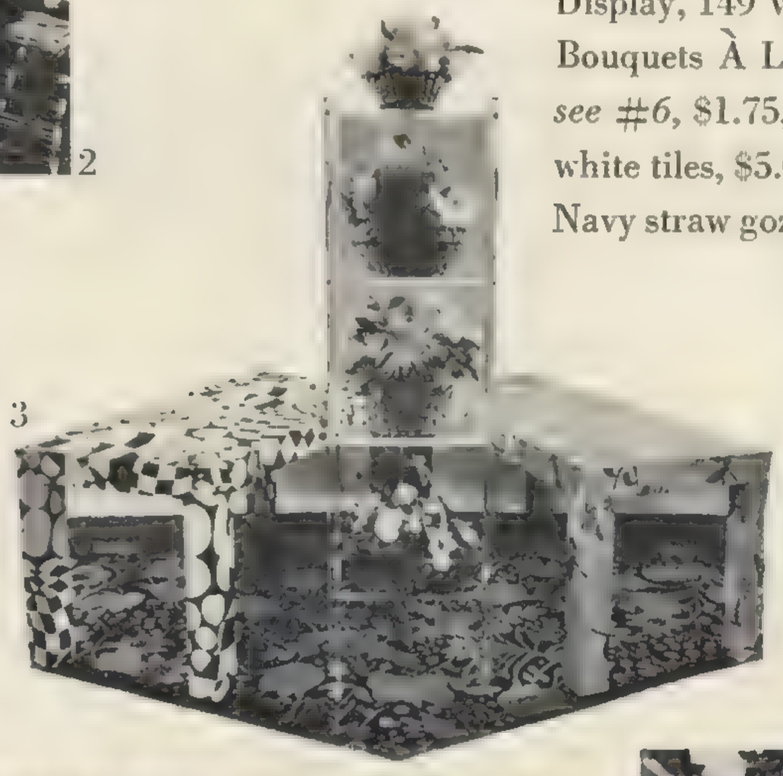
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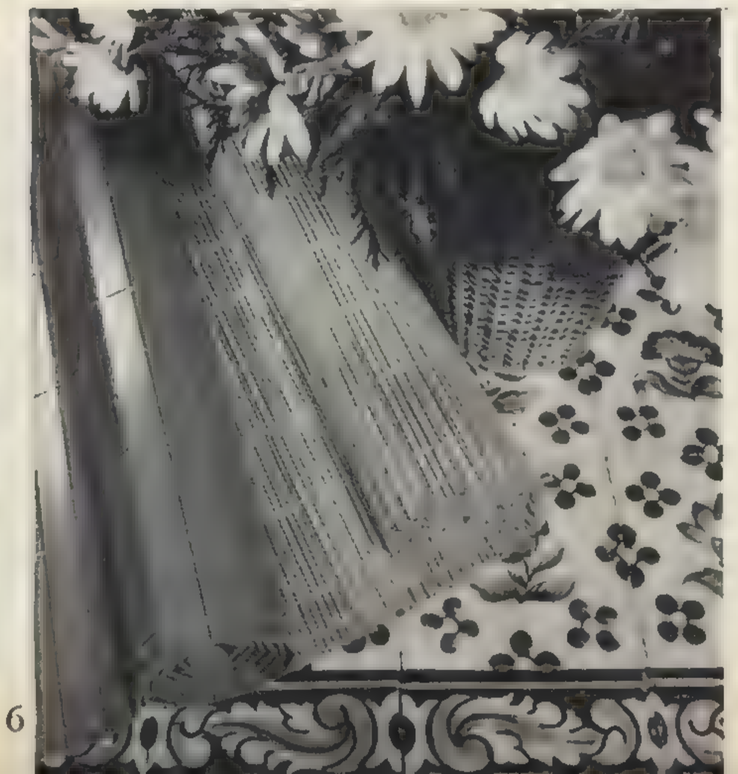
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6



7

DAVID MASSEY

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The Avant-Garde

(Continued from page 113)

their succession.

When and if Novelty art collapses in the public's esteem, as second-generation Abstract Expressionism did so suddenly in 1962, the situation may change again. The larger art public might then become disillusioned with contemporary avant-garde art in general and stop breathing down its neck. I know that this sounds terribly snobbish. It also sounds callous. If the public, and the market, should turn away from contemporary advanced art and return to its old indifference, the sum of unhappiness would increase for many artists. Alas, the interests of art do not always coincide with those of human beings. Had I to choose, I would most certainly give priority to the latter. But I am writing here about the welfare of art, not about the welfare of people. . . .

What I have not explicitly considered is that the avant-garde as an historical entity may be approaching its definite end. In that case the production of high art would have to be taken over by some other agency. What that other agency might be, I can not imagine or conceive. I can, however, conceive of the production of high art in general coming to an end along with the avant-garde. I don't mean that I think this likely, only that I find it more conceivable than that something other than an avant-garde, in one form or another, that is a dedicated, "snobbish" élite, should carry on high art in a society like ours.

Brave and beautiful

(Continued from page 165)

afternoon. Cocktails are at ten and dinner close to midnight. They have many rich friends, most of them connected with the world of bulls, and are frequent guests at country estates where there is much riding and shooting; and, always, money and servants much in evidence. The rich good life—when not fighting.

Maria Consuelo never goes to watch Jaime fight. Jaime talks of the fear this way: "It's not really fear. Everything is mixed up. There's the feeling of responsibility, and a kind of rage I try not to show, and the wish that it were over and I were past it. Pure fear, no. But some awfully strong—apprehensions. If it's an important fight in an important plaza, I know that I'm going to have to fight my guts out and, no matter what, *do* something. I don't go to the plaza as if it were a party, no."

His sense of humour runs to practical jokes, usually mild ones such as mixing up the room keys of hotel concierges he has been stopping with for years. This irritates them, but they are pleased he likes them enough to bother.

He is often a testy man. He accused one manager of robbing him, and he fought publicly with one of the powerful combines that virtually controls bullfighting in Spain. He wanted to organize all the top matadors to run the combine out of business. "We behave like marionettes on strings," he said. "They are the ones who ought to be the marionettes." It was a nice idea but impractical, and if he had been a less popular matador, it would have meant his economic ruin. The matadors who wouldn't join him he accused of not being men.

Bullfight crowds have no pity and, when Ostos is occasionally bad, they insult him vociferously. His instinct always is to fight back—though this is impossible. When they booed him in Écija, his home town, some years ago, he walked to the centre of the ring, stepped out of his shoes, and walked away in stocking feet. Empty shoes in the centre of the ring constitute the worst insult a matador can give a crowd. It means: I will never set foot in your arena again.

The Guardia Civil had to get Ostos out of there, and rocks rained down on his Rolls-Royce all the way back to the hotel.

"I've been gored twenty times," he said once, "and had the last rites twice, and I think I deserve a little respect."

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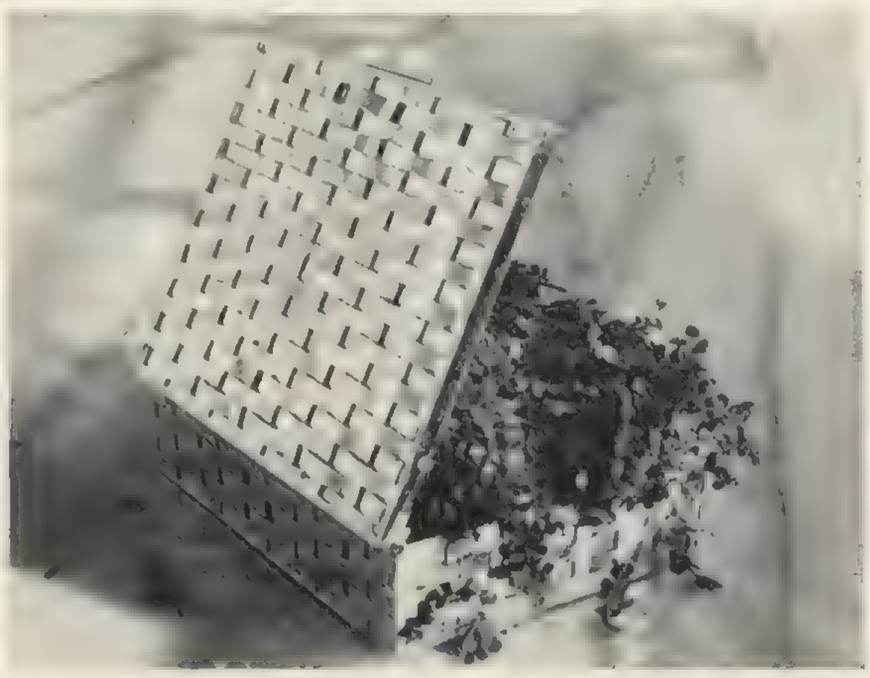
The Silver Box Is Not Square

(Continued from page 159)

Boxes have built-in allure. Using them with imagination adds watts of interest to the shine of silver. *Right:* One of the boxes photographed on page 159 (and number 14 in the diagram below) serves as a spoon caddy for a tea tray. The spoons in this instance are in a new and handsome sterling pattern, "Diadem," from Reed & Barton: One of those desirable, go-with-all designs that commit themselves to nothing but good looks. Six-piece luncheon place setting, $52.75. At Georg Jensen; Gump's, San Francisco.

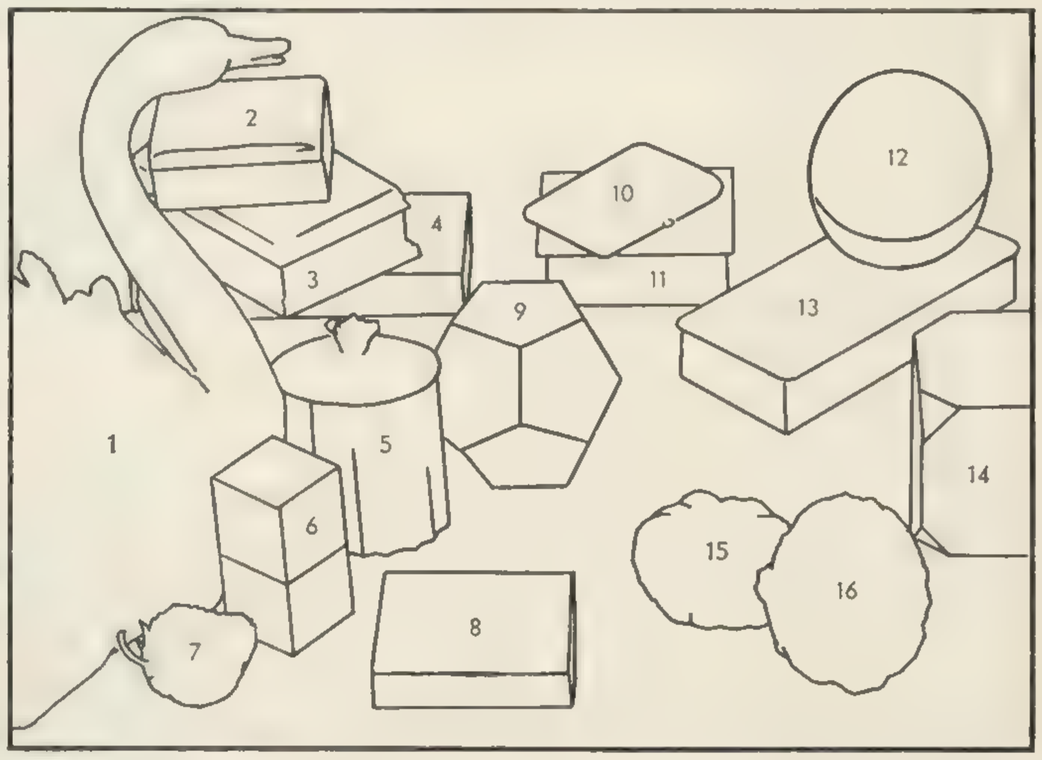


DAVID MASSEY



Left: A boxful about as unexpected as Pandora's find. This case of woven silver (number 8 in the diagram below) has been planted with delicate, green "baby's breath," altogether an enchanting oddment to put on a small table. P.S. Any woman with a silver as well as a green thumb would line the box with impermeable plastic or foil before planting.

Information about the non-square silver boxes on pages 158-159



1. Handmade Portuguese swan with articulated neck and wings that open; $175, at the Jansen Shop. 2. Cigarette box, the right size, too, for two packs of playing cards; $27.50, by Towle Silversmiths. 3. Cedar-lined box with ribbed banding and two compartments; $105, by Gorham. 4. Square-cut box with two cedar-lined compartments; $115, by International. 5. Fluted, silver-plated copy of an old English tea caddy, with black nylon top; $12.50, by Lunt. 6. Box like a giant pair of dice. For dice? $45, at Tiffany & Co. 7. Ripe silver strawberry; $60, at Tiffany & Co. 8. Wicker-woven box (see photograph above); $68, at Tiffany & Co. 9. Many-faced dodecahedron with hinged top; $175, at Tiffany & Co. 10. Gilt-lined, antique Fabergé cigarette case, its Art Nouveau flowers spattered with sapphires; $1,100, À La Vieille Russie. 11. Silver-plated, cedar-lined box with an eaved, hinged top; $15.95, by Reed & Barton. 12. A gleaming globe of a box with hinged top; $175, at Tiffany & Co. 13. Long, silver-plated box with two wood-lined compartments; $11.95, by Oneida. 14. Beautifully worked, polyhedron (see above) with hinged top; $190, at Tiffany & Co. 15. Fat, fluted tomato; $120, at Tiffany & Co. 16. An artichoke attractive enough to stand around, but, like all these other boxes, it opens to hold something sensible, or secrets; $160, at Tiffany & Co. All boxes are sterling silver unless otherwise indicated.

Midsummer Dream

(Continued from page 156)

cently installed a small cable car, concealed in the forest, that whizzes up fairly close to the chalet to save guests the climb from the village. It, Zermatt, spreads out below the house, tentatively at first, then takes the plunge into the valley becoming a fully fledged crisp clear village.

Didi Abreu came to Zermatt in 1957 when she was Mary Sargent Ladd, Boston born and Foxcroft educated. She missed meeting her future husband then by three days. A year later she met him in New York when he was en route from Cuba to Zermatt to see how work on his new house was progressing. They were married. The house for him became theirs.

The chalet was built for men by men, and for a long time Didi Abreu didn't change it. Her mark is very much on it now, but so subtly that the house retains its ruggedness and rightness among those mountains and combines warmth and luxury with an air of austerity. Sinking into the chairs in the burnt-orange and Paisley living room one can never forget that the mountains loom outside.

The house is full of books, paintings, prints and posters, old carved wood, and solidity. The furniture for the most part is from the Valais and particularly delicious are the carved and painted beds. Didi Abreu said: "Swiss people in the eighteenth century must have been very small; I've had to have all the beds lengthened."

In summer the house is full of sunshine. Windows and doors open onto balconies and fresh air. Sweet still lifes seem to arrange themselves on surfaces—three green glasses, a bowl of flowers on a scrubbed table with the Matterhorn making an unbelievable backcloth. The Matterhorn is always there; each window becomes a frame for its asymmetric and spectacular shape.

The air in Zermatt sparks off the skin, gives one a new idea of what lungs are for. The sunlight slams down, the mountains gleam. Here the sounds are those of a slow bell pealing across a peak, the tumble of a waterfall, the shouts of children, the jingle of horse-drawn carriages—it sounds like an idyllic soundtrack conceived by an incurable romantic, but it's real because motor vehicles are banned in Zermatt. The result is peace and a Wordsworthian feeling that nature is alive, watching, waiting, sounding.

The vehicle most often encountered in the village is a monstrous vacuum cleaner, its driver perched high, which prowls through the streets seeking that which it may devour. As a result of the villagers' fanatical desire for cleanliness, Zermatt actually glitters; and the mountains looming, swaddling, menacing, welcoming (depending on how you feel about them) are sliced by the wires of cable cars and the lines of trees, pulled together by bridges and a viaduct over which a small orange train whimpers and lurches its high way to the top.

In this setting Didi Abreu looks marvellous. She has a taut and tensile body and that soft, cool, Alpine look, which appears as though created from and sustained on contact with snow and all the radiant forms of frost—more prosaically, fresh air, protein, and exercise.

Her children have this look, too, and for all their youth have a firmer expression, more definite features than their mother. She has the malleable features of a Primavera, of one subject to mood and chameleon fancies, and although her face has repose, her eyes can hold elation, despair, laughter, and cataclysm in a matter of minutes.

Didi Abreu speaks to her children in French (at the moment their native language—although they can speak German and a smattering of Spanish) and they talk animatedly back. They have the acquired graces and charms of older children without the precocity, and they correct her French amusedly, politely. If spoken to in English, they answer in the same language although they are none too keen on doing so, allow slight moues to cross their faces before they say "yes" instead of "oui."

Didi Abreu has enormous rapport with the children, believes that children live in a feeling world until they are about seven. Consequently she tries to be there when they want her. When Miguel slides around the door and she says, "Alló Monsieur Abreu," his big eyes upvoltage at this favourite form of address.

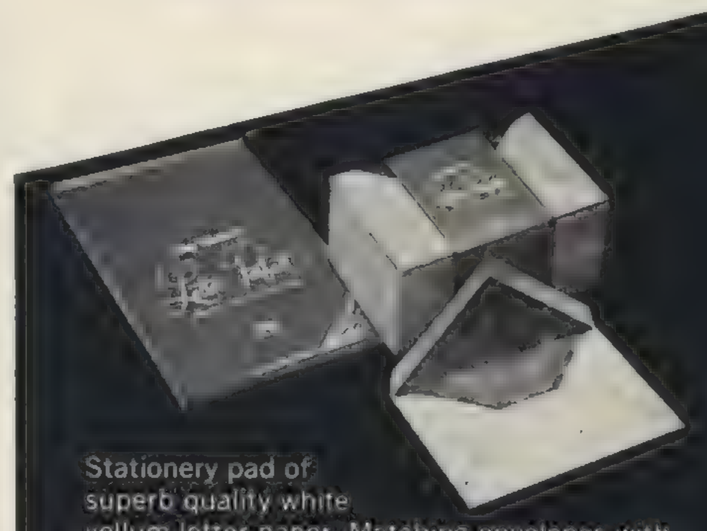
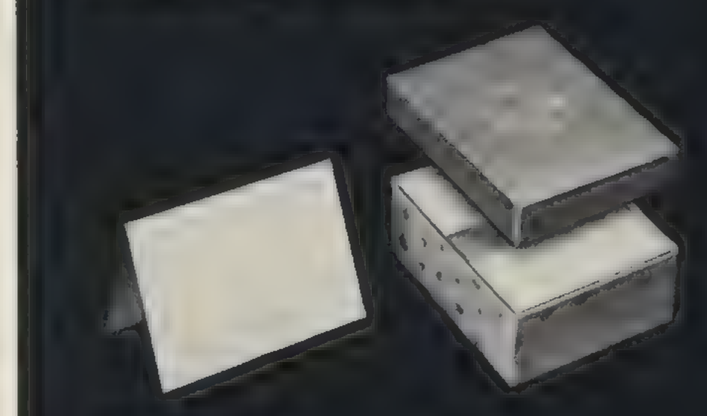
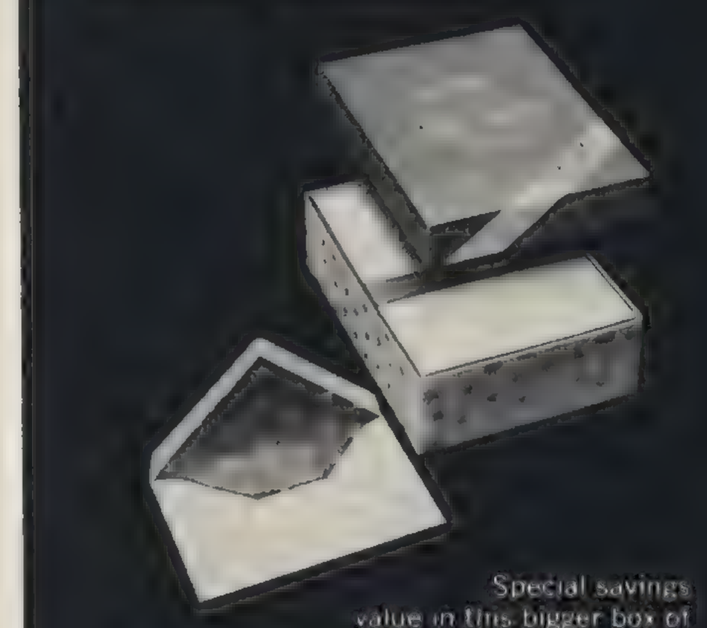
Life in Zermatt is sharply divided into summer tempo and winter pace. In summer, life is gentle and placid. Didi Abreu spends as much time as possible with the children. Meals are relaxed, casual, taken on the balcony with food suited to the atmosphere: lovely crisp croissants, omelettes, steaks, salad, yoghurt, loads of cream and fresh butter. She and the children go for walks, wander up the hills, and have a picnic; pick strawberries and wild flowers or help with gathering in the hay.

They drink ice-cold clear water fresh from the mountains from a trough made from a hollowed-out tree trunk with flowers stuck in the sides, or make room on a narrow path to allow two cows, great bells on leather straps tailored to their necks, to edge mournfully past on their way home. Everyone working in the fields knows them, greets, and waves to them. They play in the fields, slopes and hollows around their house which in winter are Natalie's particular private property for skiing.

Didi Abreu hasn't always felt close to the mountains: "I was never called by them. I was frightened of them. One can not be indifferent to them, and one is too tired to hate. So I learned about them and know them now and find I like them. But for my husband they are the biggest challenge of all. I used to be scared for him, but I've had to become fatalistic."

In the winter, life suddenly becomes quicker, more energetic, frenetic. The Chalet Turquino is filled with house guests, most of them mad about skiing. For dinner there will often be twelve guests, some of them visitors to Zermatt who auto-

(Continued on page 170)

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Midsummer Dream

(Continued from page 169)

matically gravitate towards the Abreus' house.

Didi Abreu wakes at nine and gets the house on the road. "I have breakfast in bed but most guests go downstairs in their bathrobes. They tend to pile into my bedroom afterwards, and we decide what to do, perhaps go into Italy and eat spaghetti for lunch. It's a marvellous trip across the glacier; we ski down into Italy and then ski back into Switzerland. Sometimes we hire an aeroplane which takes us from ski run to ski run, a bit of heaven, one can do about six long runs a day.

"Most of the time we ski around the mountains here. A pleasant day is to ski all morning, fix lunch with the guide in one of the tiny huts on the mountain, and discuss what the snow is like here and the conditions there and where the snow is best. Nice gossip like that. Then more skiing after lunch. We have a ski bicycle for those who want to come up with us but don't want to ski. It's great fun, with skis instead of pedals, and you just coast down.

"People are apt to stop on their way back from skiing to call in for tea: The cook makes fresh croissants, fresh brioches, and cakes. A rest before dinner or else cards or backgammon. Dinner's for two to eighteen, very informal, and afterwards we talk, play cards, or show a film in the ski room downstairs, which is an easy way to while away the evening. Or we may go down to the village to a nightclub called The Village, where there's a discothèque and fantastic English bands. People who do that and stay up till three start skiing again at nine-thirty! I'm not so energetic. I start at about ten-thirty."

Didi Abreu's clothes in Zermatt are functional, beautiful, and she has many of them—especially when one thinks that her town clothes and dressing-up clothes, her Ungaros, Courrèges, and Yves St. Laurents are all kept in Paris. She usually lives in pants in Zermatt except for dinner time, when she changes into a long evening skirt. Occasionally during the day she does a quick change, suddenly looking like Heidi, in a dirndl, pleated lace blouse, and weskit.

In the evening she wears silk sweaters, chiffon blouses with her long skirts and, sometimes, knobbly, bell-bottom white wool pants which she bought in ten minutes at Bonwit Teller. She has long legs and narrow hips, looks marvellous in pants and sweaters, plays up her limpid honey and cream looks with subtle colours, stays off pastels (the only pale thing in her wardrobe is a pink and blue anorak like a jockey's silks). One ski suit is especially memorable: a grey Rolls-Royce-coloured, patent-leather trouser suit which zips up to the neck and which she wears with shocking pink sweater and hat.

Didi Abreu adores what she calls blujins and has them in velvet, tobacco and green suède, as well as in various other colours of corduroy. She calls them all blujins: "My velvet blujins," she said fondly. Her jewellery is large, emphatic, striking. She doesn't care so much about what the stone is as how it is set. "Ideally, I like to plan what I want and have a designer turn the plan into reality.

"The best tailor I have ever met is the hall porter of the Post Hotel in Zermatt who makes my pants and knickerbockers." She wears these with heavy socks knitted in the village.

"I love cooking. Although I don't do much. Say we all rush in and are very very hungry. I cook steaks on the *feu de bois*, which gives them a special aroma, and I paint the steaks with mustard-herb sauce—I mean with a paintbrush—using special butter I get here and rosemary and thyme. I stuff baked potatoes with caviar, and have a *mâche* salad, Vacherin cheese, and a red wine. A Chianti. A cassis ice cream. It's delicious. The snow outside, the fire blazing, the smell of food. Lovely."

The Recipes of Madame Abreu

The outdoors colours everything indoors in Zermatt, including the way in which the Jean Claude Abreus entertain. The weather, the season, the day's happenings, the next day's plans all encourage a degree of spontaneity, and float the evenings on informality. Recipes follow for starred dishes.

Menu I

Délices de Gruyère*
Roast veal with olives*
Jardinière de légumes
Field salad mimosa
Chocolate mousse with meringues*

Menu II

Baked potatoes with caviar and sour cream
Côte de boeuf à la moelle (grilled with herb butter brushed on)
Salade de Treviso
Vacherin cheese with wheat bread and water biscuits
Cassis sherbet
or
Walterspiel*
A small pitcher of red and white wine for each guest

Délices de Gruyère
(for four)

½ cup butter
1 cup boiling water
1 cup flour
4 eggs
¾ cup grated Gruyère cheese
1 cup cooked ham, slivered

In saucepan add the butter to boiling water and when melted, add the flour all at once. Stir until the dough unsticks from sides of pan. Beat in the eggs one at a time, stirring energetically. Add the cheese and the ham. Allow dough to rest for 10 minutes before dropping it in balls into deep fat at 385°. Cook until golden brown. Drain on paper towels. Serve very hot with fried parsley, tomato sauce.

Roast of Veal with Olives
(for four)

3 lbs. veal loin roast, larded and boned
¾ cup black olives, pitted
¾ cup green olives, pitted
Peanut oil
Veal stock
Butter

Have the butcher lard the veal roast with long thin strips of bacon. Roast uncovered with a little peanut oil, adding a bit of water if the fat starts to scorch, at 425° for 20 minutes. Reduce oven to 350° and cook for about one hour and a quarter. Add the pitted olives 20 minutes before meat is cooked. Remove from oven and keep warm while preparing a sauce with drippings, olives, veal stock and butter.

Chocolate Mousse with Meringues
(for six)

½ lb. semi-sweet chocolate
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup water
5 eggs
12 meringue shells

In double boiler melt the chocolate, sugar, and water. Remove from heat to pan of cold water; stir until cool. Add the well-beaten egg yolks and the vanilla. Stir until it is velvety and thoroughly blended. This mixture should be semi-fluid: if too firm, add a little tepid milk. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold gently but thoroughly into the chocolate mixture before scattering it with broken pieces of meringue. Pour into serving dish lined with meringues. Chill several hours before serving.

Walterspiel
(for six)

1 fresh pineapple, cubed
8 meringues
1 cup crème fraîche, or ½ cup heavy cream, whipped
1 pint lemon sherbet
or
1 pint vanilla ice cream

Chop the pineapple into small pieces and add crème fraîche and the crushed meringues. Fold in with the ice cream and serve in a crystal bowl.

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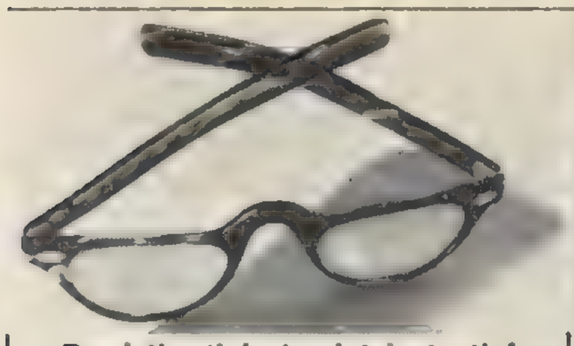
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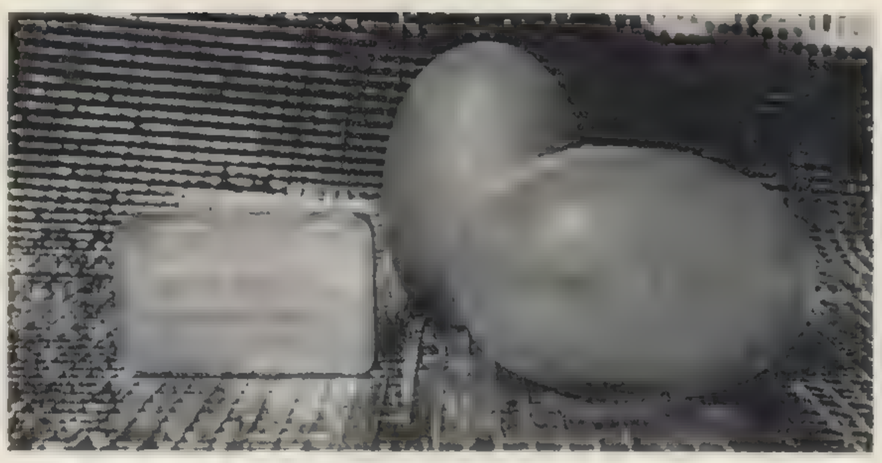
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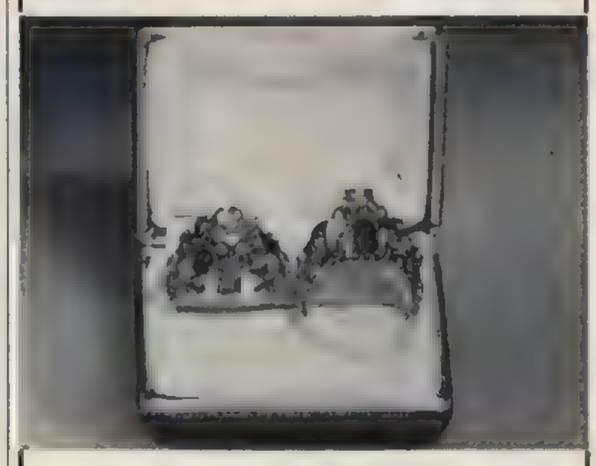




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"Health Foods"

(Continued from page 121)

Although the crack troops that staff Dr. Stare's office at Harvard usually manage a four-penny postcard acknowledgement of letters received, it is through a question-and-answer newspaper column on nutrition that Dr. Stare replies, an enterprise from which Harvard's nutrition research facilities are the sole financial beneficiaries. Syndicated to one hundred and twenty-three newspapers around the country, read by approximately nineteen million people, the column, like the syndicated radio program Dr. Stare tapes to fortify the column's views, is plain-spoken. "I'm simply not a romanticist when it comes to nutrition."

Lean, Yankee-rigged, a man who looks as though he always was and always will be in his mid-forties, Dr. Stare is a nutritionist, biochemist, doctor of medicine, and much-honoured nutrition investigator in the field of public health, national and international. A determined walker who cabs from airports but habitually de-cabs ten or fifteen blocks from his destination in order to get some walking-time clocked onto his own health-meter, Dr. Stare has energy to burn. He burns it with fervour for the concepts held by Harvard's Department of Nutrition, to which institution, for research purposes, the proceeds from his lectures, books, magazine articles and radio programs also go. You don't have to be Little Miss Reynard to sly out Dr. Stare's intent. It is to forcefully offset "some of the foolishness cluttering up the population's thinking" that Dr. Stare has been encouraged to go public; foolishness spread initially by the same media Dr. Stare now employs to refute it: print, air waves, word of mouth.

And profoundly out of hand is the foolishness. Evidence is the number of passably to perfectly intelligent people who believe the nutritional embroideries, accept as dogma the scares propagated by unqualified theorists, live by food myths and faddists' speculations which they support with approximately one billion dollars a year. One thousand million dollars is how this translates. It's the raw figure for expenditures for "health foods," diet-and-health supplements and gimmicks, and includes sales figures for "nutrition" books in which fact has been accorded highly artistic renderings.

But alluring as myth seems to be, the truth isn't without a certain vividness; even has some surprises, to hear Dr. Stare tell it. For example:

The truth is that any grocery store is a health-food store. Its brand of apricots, raisins, prunes, wheat germ, whatever, are as good nutritionally as those found in nature-food stores.

The truth is that sound nutrition can be arrived at with less huffing and puffing—no reason to scare yourself to death about deficiencies.

The truth is that if you think and eat in terms of something called the Basic Four groups of nutrients, you'll hit on good nutrition automatically. The meat group. The milk group. The vegetable-and-fruit group. The bread-and-cereal group. Doesn't matter which meat (fish, fowl, flesh, eggs, take your choice). Doesn't matter which vegetables (but have two or three across the day). Doesn't matter how you take your milk (cheese is milk, you know). And don't agitate against bread (have some, or eat a cereal or some pasta).

The truth also is that you may have to go a little out of your way to get an adequate supply of iron. The surprise is that certain sausages are high in iron —braunschweiger and liverwurst, for instance. So is enriched bread. (You can see the makings of an iron sandwich here.) Rich in iron also, of course, are roast beef and liver and spinach and dark molasses.

And it's true that if the city in which you live hasn't a water-supply in which fluoride occurs either naturally or artificially, you may have to make a conscious effort to put some of this key mineral into your own system. One way is with small fish. Sardines for example. Any little fish whose bones are delicate enough to be eaten is going to help your fluoride intake, which

in turn decreases dental caries and—news to the opposition?—wards off brittleness of bones. There's also some likelihood fluoride will prove to have a rôle in the prevention of arteriosclerosis. In the past year, studies have revealed that fluoride and milk work together en pair. Milk is more effective in building and maintaining the strength of bones when adequate fluoride is available. It's the combination. Together, milk and fluoride keep the calcium in the teeth and bones, where it belongs—and out of the blood vessels, where calcium may cause hardening of the arteries.

It's true that if you need energy in a hurry, and you're hungry, sweets will do it. The surprise is, so will *any* food. Sweets do the job a few minutes faster, but these few minutes are hardly noticed by the body.

It's also true that poor nutrition is an important factor in fatigue. Specifically fatigue brought on by anaemia; skipped meals (particularly breakfast); not enough food; or strangely enough, too much food. (The lethargy that follows the feast counts as fatigue.)

It's absolutely true, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise, that the word "enriched" on a food package can be valuable to you. The first famous "enrichment" of food was the addition of iodine to salt. Then came vitamin D to milk. In the case of enriched white bread, enrichment means that four key nutrients diminished during the refining of the flour have been replaced. In certain other cases—margarine, cereals, fluoridated water—enrichment or fortification is a bonus from the supplier, not a debt that needed to be paid. Found to be the best carriers for certain key nutrients frequently at low levels in the diet, these foods have been elected to carry nutritional accessories to ascertain your nutritional health.

And, sorry, but it's true that you *can* have too many vitamins. Too many for your own good. Called hypervitaminosis, overvitaminization occurs only in the case of the fat-soluble vitamins A and D, the excesses of which are stored principally in the liver. Excess vitamins A and D can cause ill effects, even death—although such illnesses, Dr. Stare reports, are rare today. But any excessive zeal in the matter of the water-soluble vitamins such as vitamin B complex and vitamin C takes care of itself. What you don't need is disposed of by your body; urine carries off the unused portions.

And of course it's true that many people think of nutrition as a synonym for overweight. It isn't, but here are Dr. Stare's views on the subject of weight, overweight, and calories:

You are *overweight* if you weigh 10% to 20% more than your "desirable" weight. You are *obese* if your weight exceeds by 20% or more your "desirable" weight. Who determines your "desirable" weight? Your physician.

Do doctors go by ancient standards, outmoded tables, when it comes to determining your proper weight? Some do, but most don't. They have found the diseases of mankind are more prevalent among the overweight. They're not eager to see you one pound plumper than necessary.

If you're just a little overweight, this is the likelihood: you're not over-nourished—you probably need about the same amount of food, but a little more exercise. (Dr. Stare's general recommendation is two additional fifteen-minute walks a day. *Brisk* walks.)

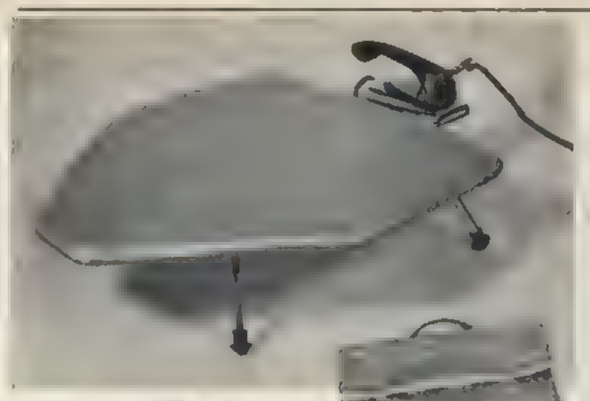
If you're underweight, and a surprising number of people seem to have this problem, according to Dr. Stare, you may be undernourished. Not necessarily, but *probably*. Tension burns calories, just as exercise does, and the thin person needs more calories and more nutrition.

If you want to know whether you're gaining, losing, or maintaining weight, this is the way to weigh. Weigh yourself once a week on your bathroom scale, same day, same hour each week (say Sunday morning before breakfast), at which time your body will be in a relatively comparable condition. Record your weight in writing. The record will tell you.

If you want to cut down on

(Continued on page 178)

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What's good for the gander

(Continued from page 146)

around the question of whether a man, by his choice of scent, is setting himself up for his own satisfaction—or just to be a magnet. Is he completely altruistic—or is there a bit of self-enjoyment in this picture? Our guess is a little of both. . . . For reviews of a few new masculine scents meant to move feminine olfactory nerves and move the wearer, too, see page 64. . . .

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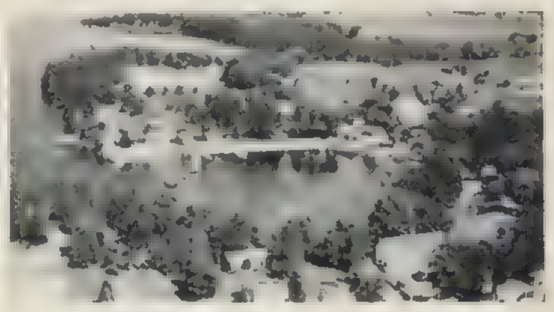
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The bright belted silks go to town



The pants dress, *right:* a split of brightly striped silk twill—yellow, pink, orange, purple, melon, and green, sashed around the waist in yellow. By Michael Novarese; fabric by Print Direction for Wamsutta. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's-Wilshire. Earrings and bracelets by Maison de Fou. Hat by Anello for Emme.



Circles in the squares, *left:* purple, gold, green, and brown—a little high-waisted geometric silk tied in purple kidskin. By Tonino. About $50. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Bracelet by David Croland. Coiffure by David Crespin.

PENATI

"Health Foods"

(Continued from page 175)

your food intake, this is the way to count calories without counting. Eat smaller portions of everything. "I don't know how many calories there are in a serving of spaghetti," Dr. Stare said, "but I do know there are half as many calories in a serving half that size. Smaller portions taste just as good."

If you're a woman who's trying to cut calories, don't match your basic portion-size to that of a man. Most men need about 500 more calories a day than women do.

If you're going to play around with a fad diet (and fad diets are fading, fading, fading from the national scene), expect the following sequence of events. Results at first. Then monotony. Then a loss of purpose. Then diet discontinued. Then a rapid weight gain that may give back to you not only your original weight, but a little more besides. Furthermore, a rapid weight gain might send your blood cholesterol soaring.

Eating for good health is no great trick. Eating for good looks is a matter of eating for health. . . . What is it, then, that drives so many Americans—American women especially—to the counsel of the health-food quack? To the question of whether it isn't her own physician who's responsible for the lure of that cosy counter, Dr. Stare offers no argument. Most physicians can not or will not give much in the way of nutritional guidance to people whose physical findings they find to be within normal range. How could they, when there are five people waiting in the room that does honour to its name? When there are urgent telephone calls to be returned? A hospital round scheduled for two o'clock? And after all, perhaps tailor-made nutrition isn't all that important. *Or is it?*

"For maximum effectiveness, a nutritional program should be custom-made for each individual," said Dr. Stare when asked this question. And among physicians, there is a growing awareness of this need. Recognizing that the crisis in nutrition is simply a crisis of ignorance and misinformation, some practising groups of physicians are adding to their staffs a dietician or nutritionist whose job it is to implement, in detail, the recommendations of the doctor. When the patient interested in his looks and his health requests more specific information, ideally the nutrition adjunct takes over from there.

Meanwhile, for anyone who wants to know what Harvard's Department of Nutrition considers sound guidance, the following books are among the updated, approved choices named by those men of serious science.

There is, of course, the straightforward book on nutrition written by Dr. Stare. *Eating for Good Health,* F. J. Stare, M.D. Doubleday & Co. . . . *Eat Well and Stay Well,* by Ancel and Margaret Keys. Doubleday & Co. . . . *Food Becomes You,* by R. M. Leverton. Iowa Press, Ames, Iowa. . . . *Nutrition Science and You,* by Olaf Mickelson, Vistas of Science Series No. 10, published by National Science Teachers Association, Scholastic Book Service. . . .

For weight control, *Obesity and Health,* PHS publication No. 1485, Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office. . . . *Reduce and Stay Reduced on the Prudent Diet,* by Norman Jolliffe, M.D. Simon & Schuster. . . . *The Safe and Sure Way to Reduce,* by Gaynor Maddox. Random House. . . .

For nutrition in relation to heart disease, *Eat Well and Stay Well,* by Ancel and Margaret Keys is again cited. . . . *The Low Sodium/Fat Controlled Cookbook,* by A. S. Payne and D. Callahan. Little, Brown. . . .

For teen-agers: *Slim Down, Shape Up, Diets for Teen-Agers,* by Gaynor Maddox. Avon Books. . . .

For general amusement, two books about fad foods. *Nuts Among the Berries,* by Ronald Deutsch. Ballantine Books. And the only novel ever written about food faddery, *The Grass Lovers,* by Ronald Deutsch. Doubleday & Co. . . .

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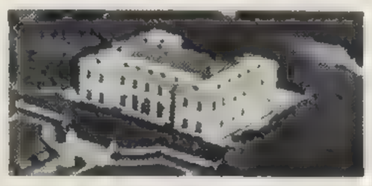
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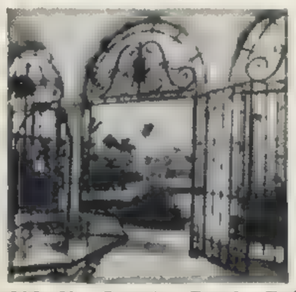
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6-67

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The Nifty Americans

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Junior Sophisticates fashions on pages 148-149 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Atlanta, Ga.	J. P. Allen
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
California and Nevada	Joseph Magnin, all stores
Chicago, Ill.	Bramson
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding-Jenny
Dallas, Texas	Lester Melnick
Denver, Col.	Neusteters
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo.	Swanson's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Balliet's
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis
Philadelphia, Pa.	Nan Duskin
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marché
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandevers
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Kimberly dresses on pages 150-151 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Bergdorf Goodman
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
California	Bullock's, all stores
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio	Henry Harris
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee
Columbus, Ohio	Lazarus
Denver, Col.	Neusteters
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
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Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
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New Orleans, La.	Gus Mayer
Ogden, Utah	ZCMI
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Lipman-Wolfe
Richmond, Va. & N. C.	Montaldo's
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
Salt Lake City	ZCMI
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
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Summer in the city of dreams

Fashion details from pages 83-109. All coiffures by Christophe of Carita, Paris. Real hairpieces by Carita. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses, Paris.

PAGE 83
Tailored white shirt and embroidered bloomers, a black velvet ribbon at the waist. Lanvin. Of white organdie with embroidery from Lesage. Lanvin coral and gold cuff links.



PAGES 84-85
Long, drifty chadar scarf and dhoti pants, of multi-coloured organza. Forquet. Duca d'Oria printed silk organza. Made to order at Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Mimi di N, at Bonwit Teller. Anklet by Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 86
Bright-green Moygashel linen, sashed high in white, squared out in back. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; about $125. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Coppola & Toppo Comark vinyl earrings.



PAGE 87
Silk crêpe evening pyjamas—chrome and crimson striped tunic, flowered trousers. Princess Luciana. Bordogna silk print. About $175. Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Michael Hic earrings: Henri Bendel.



PAGE 88
Hooded chemise in printed silk jersey by Emilio Pucci. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coppola & Toppo jewellery, of Comark vinyl.



PAGE 89
Wide-sleeved sun-striped shirt tied over bloomers. Guy D. Ban-Lon costume of Du Pont nylon. About $50. Marvella rope coral beads. K.J.L. jewelled coral-bead ropes. All at Bonwit Teller. Outfit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer.



PAGE 89
Hooded sky-blue djellaba and matching shorts. Jean Louis. Fibranne, viscose, and silk. Evelyn Byrnes; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coral-bead necklaces by Marvella. Jewelled ropes by K.J.L. Both at Bonwit Teller.



PAGE 90
One-shoulder asymmetric dress in fuchsia silk crêpe. Christian Dior-New York. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Cilla of Rome earrings. Mademoiselle sandals. Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 91
Belted pink crêpe, clasped in rhinestones. Malcolm Starr. Onondaga silk. About $125. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 92
Yellow crêpe with a tennis-sweater neck outlined in gold-and-topaz glitter. Adele Simpson, of Onondaga silk; about $225. Altman's; Bramson; Famous-Barr; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.



PAGE 93
Bare-back white crêpe suspended from a drawstring halter. By Teal Traina; William Rose crêpe, rayon and Celanese acetate. About $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neusteters; Frost Bros.; Coppola & Toppo jewellery.



PAGE 94
Bi-coloured linen in two shades of apricot. Joseph Pruzan. Moygashel linen; about $70. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz. Regina Novelty earrings. Trifari bracelets: Best & Co. Roger Vivier Corfam sandals, made to order: Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 95
Lineny brown dress, cut out on top, white leather belt. Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Staron Fibranne. $160. Bonwit Teller. Regina Novelty earrings.



PAGE 96
Belted red dress, side buttons and pleats. Laurence Gross, of linen-like rayon (Couture Fabrics). About $145. Sheldena earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Halle Bros.; Godchaux's; Best's Apparel. Roger Vivier Corfam sandals made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 97
Side-slit, side-zipped white linen tunic, matching shorts. Oscar de la Renta. Irish Looms linen. About $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. Coppola & Toppo earrings and bracelets. Roger Vivier Corfam sandals made to order: Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 98
Linen playsuits, one mauve, one blue, both embroidered in white. Delissa of the Jamaica Fashion Guild. Moygashel linen. About $65 each. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.



PAGE 98
Pink silk dress, front wrapped and belted. Chuck Howard of Townley. About $135. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Nucci earrings and bracelet. Halston hairbow to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Taj-Tajerie sandals.



PAGE 98
White crêpe pyjamas, bowed on one shoulder. Malcolm Starr, rayon crêpe. About $145. Mademoiselle sandals. Lord & Taylor. Vendôme earrings. Coppola & Toppo bracelet. Pagoda hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 99
Voile bandana-print shirt in navy, red, and white. By Ship 'n Shore of Dacron and cotton; about $5. Macy's; Famous-Barr.



PAGE 100
Sun-tan jersey smock with long white sleeves. Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Jasco rayon jersey. About $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Rich's; L. S. Ayres. Regina Novelty earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 100
Dirndl dress—orange flock-dots belted in green patent. Oscar de la Renta. Fisba cotton and rayon. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros. Coppola & Toppo earrings. Roger Vivier sandals made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.



PAGE 101
Short, one-shoulder jersey print, in a mosaic splash of blue, yellow, and pink. Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Caprolan nylon. Print by Carjer Looms. About $75. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; H. & S. Pogue; Harold's; Sakowitz. Coppola & Toppo Comark vinyl earrings.



PAGE 102
Strapless, side-wrapped silk crêpe evening dress in a clear-water print of mauve, pink and turquoise veined with white. Made to order by Arnold Scaasi. Coppola & Toppo earrings.



PAGE 103
Heavy cotton caftan, hand-printed in multi-coloured zigzags. Collar, cuffs, and hem edged in red. Livio de Simone. Bonwit Teller. Tiziani rings and bracelets.



PAGE 104
Seraglio pyjamas in a purple-and-green tapestry design printed on black. By Donald Brooks. Of Hannett Morrow and Fischer silk. Jane Bolles bracelet. Both: Bonwit Teller. Pyjamas: Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 105
Purple jersey falling from high small yoke. Donald Brooks. Jasco rayon crêpe jersey. About $145. Michael Hic Mylar earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; L. S. Ayres. Mademoiselle sandals.



PAGE 105
Short-sleeved swing of flowers—fuchsia and green on purple. By Trigère, of silk and wool. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Marshall Field. Bracelet by David Croland, at Henri Bendel. Mademoiselle Sandals, at Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 106
Big-printed chiffon poncho over jewel-cuffed crêpe pants. Emilio Pucci. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet and jewel mitt by Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 107
Necklaced pyjamas with cut-out top and flared legs. Bergdorf Goodman. This, and the man's turnout, by Ken Scott. Ban-Lon costumes of nylon jersey. Mimi di N earrings.



PAGE 107
Ballooning white harem pyjamas, shot with gold. Stavropoulos. Pettiault-T.S.M. rayon and polyester. Bonwit Teller. Chain-mail mitt and hood by Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 108
In yellow crinkly Indian cotton appliquéd with white flowers—a short wide-skirted Empire dress with long wide sleeves. By Rudi Gernreich. $125. At Bonwit Teller, Safari Room. Earrings by Mimi di N, at Bonwit Teller.



PAGE 109
She wears stripes—yellow-and-blue caftan, matching pants. Bergdorf Goodman. He wears a blue jibba and saffron pants. Ban-Lon costumes by Ken Scott; of nylon jersey. Coppola & Toppo earrings.



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